

THE
RADICAL

Published Monthly.

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THE RADICAL.

APRIL, 1870.

THE SEARCH FOR GOD.

HERE is a noble saying of Augustine, which will long outlive his denunciations of human nature as a diabolic power: "Thou hast made us, O God! for thyself; and our souls are restless till they come to thee." It was never more timely than it is now to study the track of this indispensable gravitation which all history confesses; this aspiration of man's religious nature, as subject to its object, to find itself inwardly and essentially one therewith.

For there was never more said than now in criticism of the term "religion," and of what it claims to mean; in the name of faculties, too, that are forever valid. Many intelligent persons are inclined to leave the word out of their dictionary; and there is not merely a great deal of loose denunciation of men as atheists by those who have as blind a horror of theism as they have of atheism, and hardly know any difference between them, but a great deal of equal vagueness and delusion in claiming to be atheist. And I begin by putting in this ancient affirmation in rebuttal at once of the charges and the claims. "Restless till we find God."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by S. H. MORSE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

But the language must have other meaning than that materialistic one of search after an outward object which makes dogmatic theology such an offense to the best science and speculation of our time. The deep confession of all human history—it may surely mean this: that we cannot do without believing, in some form, that Life itself is, in our inmost identity with it, pure, all-sufficient wisdom and care; that we all would find Truth, would see Good; never loving error because it is error, never avoiding right because it is right; that liberty comes only in the recognition of moral order and spiritual perfection as the ground of our being and our growth, and in a spontaneous delight in these which proves the human to be vitally divine; that we find ourselves fettered and miserable in disobeying the laws of our physical and moral nature, or offending against the sense we have of what is highest and best. It means that we are bound to learn that only such living as is eternally just and noble has the sovereign powers of our life on its side; that it is only in the ideal we live for, the aspiration to perfection, to see, trust, adore the Best, to become one with it, and even generate it, that we can be really one with ourselves. Now it may not be according to the definitions set forth in catechisms or confessions, nor to the imagery of creative power in the old Shemitic Bible, to call all this the seeking and finding of God. It has nothing to do with "fiat of creation," nor with "plan of salvation." Yet it is really the substance of all genuine religious vision and life. And if it were recognized as such, there would probably be an end of many blind charges of atheism that are brought against devout men, and of a great many claims put in by good and true men to be atheists. Moreover, it would greatly encourage us in the hope to see religion justified, the name itself freed from meanings that repel honest minds, and a better idea prevail of the spiritual capabilities and dispositions of men in general.

In this sense I do not hesitate to affirm, and to urge the belief as of the utmost moment, that there is no one who does not intrinsically desire to find God. There is no one of rational mind who is not restless till he sees truth and does justice, and rests under a perfect care involved in the substance of his being.

Let our faults be what they may, we are all in some way or other feeling after life that solves all experience and makes all lives one. We do not want to be cheated out of the highest and best: we want it more than all we have or are. Will such an one pay the price? Yes, if you can make it clear to him that you have brought him what is really a way to that. Take what track he may, God is shaping his experience, and has deeper hold on his tides and currents than all other attractions after all. We admire the thought that genius "cannot free itself from God." But what is human nature itself but the genius of God?

In view of this inherent necessity, this inner movement, so little understood, of instinct, process, prophecy,—involving inalienable possession of the soul by its own higher relations,—there is no possibility of essential or absolute atheism. Yet there is a negative attitude, conscious or unconscious, towards the really divine in certain directions, which may properly be called *relative* atheism.

And this in two very different forms, whereof the one is speculative, the other practical. But both appear to depend on deficiency of supplies from the moral element; though in ways carefully to be distinguished from each other. In the one case its failure is scientific, in the other it is personal. In the one it is the intellect that is robbed, in the other the heart and life.

I. Look first at physical science. The crown of civilization is the reverent recognition and use of universal laws. Now every law of nature should help reveal the essential Providence involved in beauty, order, good. Behind all law is life, which alone constitutes its energy. And so the unities and stabilities which science unfolds in nature should merge nature to our thought in Intelligence, one and perfect. Yet much modern thought about nature calls itself positive science, in virtue, partly, of standing in negative relations towards this very basis on which laws and phenomena rest. According to Mr. Huxley, whom I do not however adduce as atheistic by any means, "it makes no difference whether thought be regarded as a form of matter, or matter as a quality of thought." But it makes a great deal; for without intelligence at the root of things, things become to *intellect* itself the root of intelligence; the mind sees

itself as a mere result of material substances, hence a mere finite result, secondary to matter, and created somehow by stock and stone, not divinely surrounding and involving them. Your dream of beauty, your ideal of right, has then to ask authority from mineral and vegetable; your liberty to will, hope, "aspire, love, takes limits from the round of physical successions, and waits on the unprogressive rules of unconscious matter. The imagination shall find sanction for its intimations of things unseen and unfathomable nowhere but in the dead materials it uses feebly to convey these to the outward sense. It is itself but the product of cerebral convolutions, and of the food that nourishes them. Homer and Æschylus, Plato, Isaiah, and Jesus, Shakespeare and Goethe, the Bibles and the Dramas, "Psalm of Praise" and "Ode of Immortality," are evolutions from phosphorus and carbon, and resolvable, it should seem, by chemical analysis, back into acid and salt. Finally, "protoplasm" did it all; and we have made the crowning discovery of the basis of this in the slime spread over the bottom of the sea!

Now protoplasm is a fine word, nowise to be scorned; but old Anaxagoras went behind and beyond it, more than twenty centuries ago, when he pronounced the simpler word *Nous*, or Mind. Whether thought be regarded as a property of matter, or matter a quality of thought, may make no difference within the limits of crucible and retort. But what if those divine men had thoroughly accepted the former proposition, and all it involves of spiritual attitude and method? Would they have trusted the "glory and the dream" that now makes man's hardest struggle with outward conditions prophetic, and life itself majestic through its relations to the Infinite and Eternal?

But much of our "positivism" insists, even more negatively, that intelligence does not stand behind or within what are called physical laws. And what is the reason? Nothing certainly in the conditions or revelations of science; which indeed refutes all traditions of arbitrary or capricious Godhead, but only makes evident what is divinest in intelligence itself,—namely, immutable order, and serene, all-sustaining law.

Speculative scientific atheism comes of the effort to separate the scientific from the moral element. For it is mainly through our

perception of the just, the wise, the good, the fair (moral predicates all), that intelligence can be recognized behind and within laws of nature. This is in largest degree a *moral* experience. No other can so quicken the sense of that mystery of life on which the material world rests, out of which it is continually renewed. Dead, stiff, merciless, inexorable, mindless and purposeless is it, but for this eyesight kindled from the heart and conscience. This only hears the Eternal Voice, finds the Benignant Will, and makes the universe adequate response of Spirit to our spiritual desire. Truth of truth it is, not to be dismissed as "mere poetry and sentimentality," that "from the soul must issue forth the glory of the earth and sky;" that "the light we see by is the light that never was on land or sea." Fail to carry this idealism into our science, and no analysis will ever bring us God, in other words, disclose the Infinite and Eternal Good, in that direction. Out of gases, minerals, forms, colors, organs, there shall come invariable successions, shall come rules and phenomena, ending in all-creative "protoplasm," but nothing more. And you arrive at Mr. Huxley's crowning prediction, that "science will teach us to dispense with the notion of spontaneity and spirit." You come beyond that to the conclusion of certain French positivists, that science ought to be and must be atheist. And indeed there is much groundless concession by many, who should find better meaning for the name of theism, that modern science is in fact, as such, atheistic: a statement which is no-wise admissible in any but the most superficial sense. In nothing is the inadequacy of the merely *analytic* process shown more conclusively than in its dealing with things spiritual in the interest of science. It never reveals truth in its divine form of life: to dissect, it must destroy. It cannot see any element of existence, as *existenit*: for each lives in its active relations to the others. Analysis, however useful in its way, slays this beautiful unity in which life and power dwell: there is left a heap of dead fibres and organs; and what resemblance is there to the living body, when you have put these together again? Phosphorus in the growing grain is food for human brains; but extract the phosphorus by chemical process, and it is poison. Being must be seen in its natural and vital relations, or it is not seen at all.

Thus science cannot be defined as distinct from faith, without destroying it: there can be no science without conscious or unconscious forms of faith, faith in the faculties, faith in nature, faith in law and in unity. You cannot cut off revelation from evolution or culture; for there is no genuine culture which is not revelation, however imperfect. And when we try to separate the intellectual from the moral and spiritual relations, we lose the living bond which makes the essential truth of each. Science becomes an autopsy, and nature has no informing soul.

The "positive" scientist regards God as at best a hypothesis, and refers it to that silent deep of the unknown that rounds all we know or dream. But how eloquent is that silence! How calm, benignant, creative! The stillness of all greatness! Can we for an instant believe that *it is not Life?*

Now, speculative atheism of course does not imply non-recognition of moral distinctions; it brings no disparagement upon one's private conscience or heart. It means, however, that he does not let his moral intuitions enter into his theory of physical processes and laws: that he tries to hold the two apart, or at all events does not allow his own moral constitution to determine his interpretation of laws, or his notion of what law itself means and implies. But the moral constitution being cheated of its scientific rights by this dangerous analysis, which "murders to dissect," science becomes able to reveal nothing but dead mechanism. That is owing to his speculative theory. Only a theological bigot would infer either that he was in all this lacking in manly virtues, or that he had come to be either absolutely or practically atheist. But certainly his faith in the sovereignty of the just and good must be weakened, if he fail to see them as the law of the universe, everywhere authoritative and divine. It is not necessary that he should be able to see how or wherein all physical laws are wise and just and fair; but it is of great importance that he not only believe it wise and just and fair that *they should be so*, but that he keep that faith as a basis of scientific study. Then law becomes life, and "force" is but another name for thought and love.

Ascend to the next sphere,—from the science of nature to the science of mind. Here the same difficulties arise out of the

refusal of scientific validity to the moral intuitions. And in consequence of this unnatural separation, you find certain philosophers inclining to the belief that metaphysics also are properly atheistic.

"What I cannot understand," say these philosophers, "is unknowable by me. What is unconditioned by my faculties is beyond them, and so inconceivable. God, therefore, is not given in metaphysics. He must be, if found at all, an object of faith." But they gain nothing so: for faith cannot change the faculties; otherwise, what becomes of metaphysical science itself, which rests on the *steadfastness* of the mental laws and processes? Is it to faith in a "revelation" that we are remanded? So Mr. Mansel would imply. But that also must be some form of faith by the natural faculties. It is they that must by their own laws perceive, prove, and accept the so-called revelation. And so it all comes back again to faith *in* the faculties: and, in fact, the revelation required can *only* be given *in them*. On then with your metaphysics, or science of the human mind, O philosopher! It is God there or nowhere. And why do you not find him there? Because you are trying to separate your head from your heart and your soul. The powers must act together, as a unit. Would you not make the universe, a skeleton flower, green life gone out of it by your metaphysical acids, dead white framework only remaining, then carry your moral sense with you; its innate royalties are the soul of every realm. When you see a function of memory, or a law of perception, let your natural piety recognize it as wise and just and good and fair. Be loyal to the moral authority that affirms it ought to be and somehow must be. Let your *soul* spring in the leap of your mind to grasp it. Then if you cannot see God in perfect, absolute essence, you will know the infinite and eternal in their relation to real and positive existence; feel their freedom in your own; know their inseparableness from every movement of your spiritual being. Metaphysics do not prove God, but why should they hide him? He is their moral and spiritual basis, and proves *them*. Metaphysics have a right to be religion, if the mind and its laws are essentially in accord with eternal realities; and if they do not recognize the fact, it is because they abdicate their

own conditions, and insist on saying to that sense of the morally fit and right, which involves wisdom, beauty, truth and good, "I know you not as having anything to do with intellectual science."

Ascend another step; into what may be distinctively called the sphere of worship. Here at least God must be found, we should say, if anywhere. But what a fact now meets us! Even Christianity, with all its pretension to be the typical religion, rests in a *representative* of God. Its Christ supplants the Infinite and Eternal; and again the essential relation of man's spiritual intuitions to deity is denied. As the positivist and the metaphysician set deity aside because they cannot comprehend it, so the Christian believer for the same reason. He covers up the negation by putting a man in place of God, who forthwith becomes an "impalpable effluence" from this one personage, or else a divine-human form embodied therein. Only in the face of this "express image," "fullness of Godhead bodily," "mediator," "master," can the living God be adequately known!

The universal demand for incarnation, or *avatar*, is here confined to one central form. God must be manifested, once for all, as perfect, in this. And so the inevitably *imperfect*, limited form comes to swallow up the substance; and, however the symbol may have brought noble traits and thoughts into honor, and served high purposes for a time, it becomes a drawback when the matured soul demands liberty to find God in all forms of experience and culture.

We do not call this atheism, since it insists it has found God; though showing us simply a man, historically vague, and without the guarantee of even an ideal unity of character, but standing for many diverse conceptions and mutually exclusive standards. We do not call it atheism, though it is certainly not pure theism. Yet it involves much speculative negation towards the immanence of deity in the moral being, and much practical negation towards the demands of this divine inherence upon our faith in freedom and progress.

We saw the result of leaving these elements of consciousness out of physics and metaphysics. The positivist Comte turns the Infinite over to the metaphysicians: he will not have

God in natural science. The Mansel school of metaphysicians turn him over to "revelation," as equally out of place in the science of mind. In just the same way the worshiper of supernatural revelation consigns him over to the dreamy realm of intangible essences, and puts an imperfect, historical person, with whose recorded or transmitted life the human ideal of deity is held bound somehow or other to find and keep itself reconciled, in his place. And the same reason is thought valid in all three instances,—namely, that God is incomprehensible and unknowable, and hence to human conceptions, in those three spheres, as good as non-existent.

A moment's reflection shows us that in the last-mentioned sphere also, as in the two former, the difficulty lies in a disparagement of the moral element (as we have already defined it). Take this into religious inquiry, as essential to the very powers that are to solve the problem, and Deity comes home in what is nearer than physical nature, than metaphysical philosophy, than venerated persons, and yet is the substance of good in them all. As ideal principles, justice, wisdom, goodness, beauty, truth, are beyond limitation by personalities, beyond special revelations, beyond ecclesiastical traditions. They lift us into the freedom of the Eternal and Infinite. They are, by this transcendence, the never-failing inspiration of growth, and the Providence that enfolds and shapes to highest issues all private and public experience. What then if God be "incomprehensible?" Is it necessary to comprehend *what* infinite love is, in order to apprehend that the very substance of our being is mysteriously identified with whatsoever love in its essence means? Must we be able to define or figure to ourselves the conception of eternity in order to know that truth is eternal, and that right human living is eternal life? Must we bind our communion with the just, the good, the true, the humanly adequate, and becoming, to some personal life, some special body of social circumstances, some individual's work in human progress and upon human idealism? How should that be, when the principles into which the moral sense flowers out in its maturity as spiritual liberty, essentially involve a freely advancing ideal, at

every new stage revealing more of God, whom nothing but such universal energy can adequately reveal?

II. Let us go a step further. What is *practical* atheism on these principles?

The question of positive and negative in religion is one of character, of essential morality; not that bondage to outwardly imposed rules which goes currently by the name of morality, but the essential relations of the soul to what is eternally just, beautiful, and true. And whatever intellectual skepticism may deny, it is only *moral* denial that makes practical religious unbelief. And that which one's character may make him believe is often a darker and drearier unbelief than words can express.

"Every man," it was said of old, "walketh in his own God." Every man sees by the light of his own character. What he is goes straight up into his ideal, and under these limitations he conceives the eternal reality. "Membership of the body of Christ" does not save him from this profounder membership of his own personality; and whether he adore the Messiah who promised to come in the clouds of a judgment-day eighteen hundred years ago, or the Buddha who ascended into Nirvana, not to return from that eternal peace, it is the life he has himself shaped out of present moral forces within him that determines what the one person or the other shall be to him. "We receive but what we give."

And so there are many objects of sight that are called God; but the only way of seeing God must be through real participation of essential truth and good. However numerous the unrealities that go by that name, yet *God is real, is reality itself*; and to live in and through these eternal principles is so far to find reality and to be reality.

Now selfishness, whatever its creed, sees a being aloof from human nature and life, intent only on aggrandizing himself. This is properly but blank nothingness and emptiness of deity, since there is nothing divine in selfish appropriation. Corrupt and mischievous habits in trading will fashion a trading god, venal and barbarian, a gigantic mirage of the market thrown up against the sky upon the background of a mean and tricky world. It is the shadow of the man's shop life, and the soul of

the universe has none the more to do with it from the fact that he calls it God. There is no such atheist as he who laughs in his sleeve when you speak to him of principles. This is an atheism one's own soul must judge and refute — his soul craving bread, but fed with stones.

What is the self-pushing politician's God but a compromise between the true and the popular, ready to be thrust aside into the third heavens as poor, dumb abstraction, even at that, when not wanted in politics? But is this God reality? He is the shadow of political atheism; another huge mirage of immorality. What cares the demagogue for this fetish of his own making? He swears by a new one with every political turn. They are all of the slime of the earth.

The domineering dogmatist has his "God :" the man who insists on what he calls an "authoritative religion ;" who says, "Believe in Christ, or you go to perdition ; believe in the church of Christ, or he shall deny you at the last day." And what kind of deity can this spiritual martinet see? Another shadow, projected from his own falsities; a despot whose war against freedom of conscience is waged by fulmination of pope, or craft of priest, or the civil arm, or the subtle poison of the confessional, or the dreadful preaching of wrathful judgment and eternal wo ; who, driven from inquisition and *auto-da-fe*, and made ridiculous in a papal syllabus excommunicating civilization, yet lurks in close-communion churches, rages in revival convulsions, writes foolish tracts, and invents wicked stories to scare weak nerves. An "authoritative Christian" shall think this very real divinity. But what is it save mirage again ; refracted folly, bigotry, tyranny and fear? Men who have shaped such a miserable phantasm and called it God, are apt to cry out in the self-complacency of their faith in it, "Thanks to our God, we are not merely moral men!" "Merely" moral! "Merely" in accord with principles that yield the beauty, the joy, and the liberty of oneness with nature and the soul! But morality may well answer, somewhat sternly, "Thou who chargest another with living without God in the world, because living by character alone, what wouldst thou give him — granting he is an atheist even, in the honesty of his speculative search — in place of his presumed

unbelief? A God without principles; a God of mere power, brute might overmastering conscience, reason, love? Nature knows no such. The soul, thine own soul, when once trusted for her nobler instincts, disowns the fiction."

Then there is the spoiled child of fashion, frippery, conventionality, the frivolous person with "happiness" for "being's end and aim," who finds it so pleasant to enjoy, so troublesome to sympathize, so needless to think, so useless to suffer, so stupid to labor for any ideal end; a sapless plant—for moral aspirations, desires of what is noble and just, are the circulating ichor of life. Even he thinks it means something when men speak of God: though but as vain words babbled in dreams, life has dim suggestion even to such an one of overruling power. But what can the shadow of an inanity be? What can be known of the Infinite Artist, the Eternal Source of moral energy, the God who stirs the souls of martyrs and saints, by a poor sniffer of the air, a watcher of flying clouds?

Such is practical atheism, rooted in moral defect. Yet it is not absolute even in the worst: the mirage nowise exhausts the power of vision. The morbid eye sees wrong: yet, while it is an eye, its sense of the real cannot wholly fail: and the soul, essentially a seer, must at last see its own relations in their truth, the practical unity of the human and divine.

III. Besides speculative and practical atheism, there is another way in which the universal and eternal is lost sight of, and the search for deity fails.

Superstitious phantasy has had much to do with the formation of religious beliefs. Imagination sees real and eternal relations: but fancy, under the power of vague emotions, beclouds all relations with the transient and superficial imagery of supernaturalism. It is affirmative in form. It speaks confidently of God, as if it knew him intimately. It pictures him vividly and dramatically. Its heaven and hell, its ingenious schemes of fall, atonement, and final judgment, hold a relation to certain positive but ill-comprehended experiences of human nature which enables them to direct the inmost hopes and fears. Its symbols are realized more intensely than any object of the senses. Its jealous god sits outside the universe, watching to punish too favora-

ble regards on the present life, and the neglect of his holy times, forms, and written word ; waiting his hour to dash the world into nothingness, and man into judgment-fires ; a god of arbitrary will ; not willing according to eternal right, but calling that right which he chooses to will ; all wrath to-day, all mercy to-morrow ; suspending laws ; thrusting in miracle to mend his want of perception of human needs in making the laws ; changed in mood by human conduct, like a child ; avenging himself on insults like an undisciplined man. It makes him altogether finite ; assigns him a special abode, the church ; a special form, the Christ ; limits his earthly appearance to one spot and one age ; makes him plot and reason and repent, not by way of "poetic symbol," but in real earnest, like any fallible creature. All this is wrought up by poets, apocalypticists, theologians, with startling imagery, with brilliant and terrible coloring : men of genius, like the authors of the Books of Daniel and Revelation, like Augustine, Dante, Milton, have been busy with it ; and it has tremendous hold. Blood has flowed in rivers at its bidding. Men die with their eyes riveted on its promises and terrors. It built cathedrals ; it created inquisitions ; it has swayed empires and ages ; and it lives yet, a power in the faith of the civilized world. But it knows not eternal justice, nor wisdom, nor essential truth, beauty nor love ; not as principles, not as realities. This is not God. The infinite, serene, perfect One can no more be seen there than the sky can be seen through the smoke of burning woods. It is the shadow cast by superstitious fancy, under much enforcement from blind fear and self-contempt. All the texts and miracles, all the names and offices of the Christ, all the prayers and poems and structures of art or creed, that the church brings to the support of its genuinenesss, if multiplied by ten thousand, would not make me believe that a true picture of God. Morality rejects it, principles judge and condemn it.

Then, to mount into another and nobler sphere, there is the speculative intellect, intuitive it may be, believing, sublime. Yet, as speculative, it only apprehends, not necessarily receives, nor becomes, truth and good. And how all apprehension must fall short ! How much more of Deity there is which the best seeing does not see than what it does see ! The less circle does

not contain the greater. If we could take God into the eye, then were it greater than God.

Thought is lost, ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

But this is not the whole truth. Never can it be without some sense of the realities of Being itself that we reflect on the laws of our own being. This "intellectual flame from God's breathing spirit came." It has not parted from its source. The beam is not cut off from the light that is its essence. One in substance with eternal truth, we must have intuition or direct sight of the eternal. The intellect can find immutable law and everlasting order. When the mind studies its own constant and universal processes, the forms of conception and intuition which make language and communion possible, its spontaneities of belief, that go behind the lines of causation, and prove its substantial identity herein with the primal, original, and uncaused, and that instinctive faith in such organic elements, wherein its certitude must rest,—when it studies these reverently and purely, it reads God's manifested word. Here is not the question whether it can penetrate to that knowledge of the essential nature of deity, which can come only in the knowledge of the essential nature of spiritual being itself. It can at least recognize the divine in the immutable relations of thought and existence. It can know truths it cannot fathom nor define. It can expand with the grandeur of these laws of mind; can be prompted to noble conduct by the very mystery that proves the presence within them of a greater, wiser, holier reality than has ever yet been revealed in personal act.

I look to see the day—for this age points clearly thitherward, and is busy in realizing the promise even now—when the industrial millions shall come at some form of serious communion with great speculative intellects which have really contemplated the serene countenance of immutable truth; which have dwelt in its sovereignty, its benignity, its beauty; its moral and spiritual laws that transcendently possess and guide our inmost being, and make the dignity and reality of our life; when the clearer insight and recognition of these laws, that came in such various

form to the open eyes of Plato and Spinoza and Wordsworth, of Kant and Fichte and Goethe and Emerson, and that of all those who have brought messages from the central sphere where poetry, philosophy, ethics, and faith are known as one, shall be domestic and dear—I would say biblical, if we can make the word mean pure help without despotism—to the American mind. For the speculative intellect has its democratic mission, in the proper sense of that term, which must endear it in due time to the practical common sense of men, as unfolding the foundations on which this stands fast, and wherein it finds relation to the infinite and eternal, and so to integral spiritual growth. It reveals the basis of certainty on which repose our beliefs in God, in immortality, in duty, in natural spontaneous tendency to the best; the real fountain, universal and human-divine, of all that has been wisely trusted in the positive religions of mankind, and all that deserves credence in their teachers, as distinguished from the superficial, external authority of traditional officialities and creeds. And so it should fill the soul with a sacred self-respect, such as comports with these inherent original relations to truth and right, this immanent primacy, authority, guidance, guarantee, inspiration.

Again we must recur to the one condition on which the intellect also, in the real sense, "finds God." This seeing is in being only; in the profound moral purpose; in the recognition of liberty through the laws of noble discipline and renunciation; in prayer, indeed, but prayer in its one only meaning,—the spontaneous upward trend of endeavor to know and accept, not to change, the eternal benignities of essential order; in the stress of desire for truth, which holds all that is not real to be really nothing, and parts with surface for substance at any cost; in the will that appropriates belief into conduct with joy and power.

To see and to be are one. We know God by participation, not by observation. He who is absorbed into a truth, an idea, a principle, to whom it is life of his life, and flesh of his flesh, he it is that knows it. The passing of subject into object, what hero and idealist and enthusiast and lover teach us, is the divine form of wisdom. He deprecates the function of intel-

lect who imagines that it finds content in reasoning about the Infinite. We *know* truth when we live by the unfailing light and love that is in it: not looking at it as at far off stars in the sky, but finding it the substance of our path and opportunity. We know God when life, as life, seems to us divine, inestimably rich in its uses and its aims. It is the same experience by which, and by which only, we know ourselves immortal. The sense of the everlasting and the sense of the divine come in together in the heartfelt appreciation of life, as faculty, as promise, as sphere.

Always we find God, and whatever great beliefs mean God to us, in finding ourselves: we find the One not looming vast on far horizons, but already at home in us, making the home fair and sweet, investing it with native grandeur, and with solemn guarantees, even in the mysteries of moral and physical evil, of the inseparableness, the identity rather, of all interests, human and divine.

And now we turn once more to the theological negations. It is the ungodliness of the traditional theology of Christendom that in so many ways it makes positive and essential separation between God and man. Starting from this point, it was enforced to study deity with a sense of remoteness far greater than that with which one would study a geological specimen, and with fears and doubts akin to those with which one would venture to espy through a telescope some blazing meteor threatening the earth. Calvin turns colder than ice in the process of defining God's relation to man as the antagonism of His demands to our desires. To assume this radical externality of truth and good to beings who must possess both in order to the possibility of thinking about them at all, is to shut the door in the face of both.

Christian theology could never bridge over that dreadful chasm it assumed to exist,—man this side, God that side. Nothing can bridge it, and the atoning Christ is swallowed up in it as a feather in Niagara. God going out of man ends man, ends God also. For what would infinite love be, so drained of its natural object? Infinite selfishness is not God. What is left for the bridge to start from, and what should it lead over

to? But what if God be here already, in the nature itself that hopes, remembers, loves; that even grows by the inevitable lessons of folly, weakness, vices, crimes? By what mysterious, unfathomable energy do we live and move? The ever-flowing tides that sweep through human life, calm or terrible, as character shall make them, the mysteries of good or evil,—what but these are the deeps man watches and explores, till he finds within them that transcendent purpose and eternal love which he inwardly means by the word "God"?

A theology that cuts God off from man and then tries to bring him back is, so far, a nightmare dream, where you agonize for life, and yet cannot move a limb. How it grew up, partly out of the consciousness of moral evil, in the old transitional time when the world was in terrified reaction from trust in nature to distrust in human instincts as such, and partly out of the logical necessities of authoritative creed, I do not now enquire. But I note that what sustains it is the want of a religious appreciation of man's moral nature; the failure to recognize that religion springs within us by force of affinity with God, instead of travelling by a bridge to us from abroad. It forgets that we can see the divine only by whatsoever of inherent capacity for divineness of thought and life there is in man, and by moral recognition of it as our own ideal; that "if the eye be not a sun, no sun for it can ever shine."

What strifes and miseries have come of these efforts to find God by going away from man! What an Inferno for centuries was the Church, that professed to have found him by this method, and to have his truth packed in formulas to be comprehended best by him who should most thoroughly abjure the natural and human! A simpler faith, a nearer track, a nobler self-respect, is religion. The love we feel, the truth we pursue, the honor we cherish, the moral beauty we revere, blend in with the eternity of the principles they flow from; and then, glad as in the baptism of a harvest morning, expanding towards human need and the universal life of man, our souls walk free, breathing immortal air. That is God,—not an object, but an experience. Words are but symbols; they do not define. We say "Him." "It" were as well, if thereby we mean life, wisdom, love. All words

are but approximations ; the fact, the experience, remains the same. When, with Greek seer and Hebrew saint, you call God your Father, you have not reached a clear or perfect expression of this inmost unity, any more than when, with the Teuton mystic, you sing,—

God is a mighty sea, unfathomed and unbound ;
O in this blessed deep may all my soul be drowned,—

or affirm, with the Brahman and the Sufi, that one cannot know truth without becoming truth ; that so far as man finds God, he enters into God. All these are but lispings of a word that was never fully spoken, of a sense that none has sounded. Interpret wisely, all are imperfect, yet all are true.

The far-off God of the creeds, once near in the earnestness of desire and need, has become mainly a God of speculation, of observation through the mists of ages. What the framers really felt of deity was precisely what they could not put into form and hand over to churches. What really shone in them is known only by the light that shines in us. And the dead were dead past resurrection, but for this. But this new life the best saint of old lives to-day, is but resurrection. The fountain of life is flowing more freshly in the human personality that now is. It is instant and immediate in these living powers ; and we want no veil of space, or time, or officiality, however ancient or recognized, between us and the Spirit that conditions and completes the best will and faith and conduct ; a deeper heart within those destinies of life that cannot be shifted off, nor held at arms length ; our real being, nearer than death, and resolving it into constant ground and condition of higher life.

From religion in this sense neither science nor faith can secede. What the age rejects is a God that can be confined and laid up in a book ; bandied about in barbarous formulas ; flippantly sounded and measured and manipulated in prayer-meeting and revival ; complacently partaken in "communion" bread and wine ; a God who dwells apart by himself for a season, and then creates the world at a fixed time ; and of whom it may be held a great thing to say that he was once a creator, and then once in a redeemer, and will be once again in the final

enthronement of the same over all the souls of men. One cannot wonder that there have been those who replied, "If this be your God, atheism is better." Such denial is probably rooted in an intense conviction of what is really divine.

But still further: I can see that one may so live in the divineness of principles that he no more seeks them in any outward apprehension than the eye looks out of itself to find the power of vision. They are so identified with all the activities of life that he cannot isolate their truth and wisdom and goodness in a definite form of consciousness. Such an one may deny that he finds God; but his denial reaches only to an external and purely objective form of divinity; it has the inward reality of worship; being such a pure and full possession by the divine element as to allow no sense of separation, even in the experience of imperfection and ideals unattained. We shall grant him an atheist only as regards those current theological definitions of God that find no inherent divineness in principles, and make religion and morality rest on ab-extra legislation and monarchical will.

Nor must we imagine that theistic faith involves of necessity the constant or even the infrequent use of those terms by which theology is bound to express it. Alexander von Humboldt was surely possessed, as few men have ever been, by the transcendent unity — involving all we mean by order, beauty, wisdom, and love, and passing all possibilities of expression — that sways the whole domain of physical laws. This was the all-absorbing inspiration of a lifetime that, with unexampled industry, and profoundest reverence for truth, tracked the ages and the spaces to unfold its meaning, yet ever exploring only to deepen his sense of the unexplored. So profound a recognition of the Infinite, through its visible symbols in the heavens and the earth, could well dispense with the common phraseology of worship. And his statement that creation, in the sense of a beginning in time, was to him incredible and incomprehensible, should not prove him to have dismissed religion, but to have, at the very least, cleared for himself the way to its profoundest realities. For one, I know no rational theory of science or faith which can make the charge or the claim of atheism pertinent to such a mind.

In one word, religion nowise consists in the effort to frame an image, to form a definite conception of God, or even in the recognition of any name. To give the infinite over to visible form is to lose it. Yet the religious sentiment is nowise discouraged nor repelled. That we cannot so limit infinity does not prove our limitation, so much as would our satisfaction with our own attempts to do so. And that, through this very inability to be content with a limited God, we cannot escape apprehending what we yet cannot confine by thought, is but the sign of our participation in the infinite life. Infinite will, infinite love, are not to be definitely imaged; yet, by the laws of inward apprehension, they are involved in the fact of universal good.

If, then, we cannot see the eternal substance and life of the universe, it is not because deity is too far, but because it is too near. We can measure a statue or a star, and look round and beyond it; but the Life, Light, Liberty, Love, Peace, whereby we live and know, and are helpful and calm and free, which measures and surrounds and even animates *us*, is itself the very mystery of our being, and known only as felt and lived. God stands in all ideal thought, conviction, aim,—which ever reaches into the infinite; and thence, as if an angel should stand in the sun, come attractions that draw forth the divine capabilities within us, as the sun the life and beauty of the earth. God is the inmost motive, the common path, the infinite import of all work we respect, honor, purely rejoice in, and fulfil; art, science, trade, philosophy, intercourse, whatsoever function befits the soul and the day. Not the worker for the work's sake dear to him, but the work for the spirit of the doer. The healthful-est, noblest uses of body and soul, are God, found and known. Found, when one who seemed weak learns that he is strong in these uses beyond his hope; when a dark, inexplicable lot comes clear by courage and faith; when experience has earned what had been praised and perhaps claimed before. Known, when names and opinions and traditions *about* God fade before the principles of conduct into which belief is transformed; when they who are led by that spirit are sure that life and nature and destiny mean only their good.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

EMPHASIS IN THEOLOGY.

WE know not how far two persons holding the same creed agree till we know how they emphasize its several points. Right emphasis, or *mental heft*, is the test of truth. In writing, it is to rank one's thoughts; in oratory, to ring out the right word; in music, to seize the key-note; in painting, to fix the centre of light and unity on the canvas; in character, to fill the foreground with the quality demanded by the occasion. When the granite goddesses, Ceres, Flora, and Pomona, were hoisted above the massive blocks and courses of stone to their niches in the Boston Horticultural Hall, it was to lay the accent on bounty, generosity and courtesy.

According to the old phrase, in the "proportion of faith" lies the touchstone of its correctness. Which of your articles recurs oftenest and presses most? Which weighs an ounce and which a ton? Opinions, as well as votes, must be weighed, not counted. As with the people in the scales, at the Mechanics' Exhibition, be sure each of them will touch a different notch. If we hold to the light and insignificant, it must be by our will. When a tenet was disparaged as unimportant, its professor said, anything is important on which we stand. But why stand on trifles? It is like treading on some chance rope which may trip us up. How the emphasis in theology changes where its written formulas may not be disturbed! The dogmas of every sect are but a sliding scale of values. I heard a noble preacher affirm his adherence to Calvinism; but he said he cared not a rush for it in comparison with a good life. He was honestly loyal to it in passing, as one lifts his hat in the street, or salutes the flag. So the Andover teachers were said to subscribe the articles of the institution once in five years. Under such a shield they were free for more important matters.

First, then, in this changing emphasis, all religious theories are emphasized less, religious principles more. What are principles? The love of God, love of man, love of country, justice,

honesty, veracity, purity. How God personally exists, what human nature is in its earthly origin, from one pair or many, innocent or depraved ; how the world was made, in six days, in millions of ages, or coeval with God, and never made at all ; the pre-existence of Christ, or of every human soul ; the way of salvation and length of retribution ; the celestial body; or occupations of heaven,—all these are matters of theory. Their right construction is fit subject of study, and of consequence enough to justify the schools they originate, but not of foremost concern. We speak of first principles. They are first. Faith, hope, and love abide through all the changes of partisan theology, that chameleon, or many-colored Joseph's coat. The heterodoxy of yesterday is the orthodoxy of to-day, the conservative of to-day the radical of to-morrow. The young are often said to look like their grandparents ; but we do not resemble them in the complexion of our speculations. The regiment has marched on unbroken ; but how it has changed front, so that if you speak of Five Points now, people will think you refer to a famous locality in New York, not to the Articles to a former generation so dear. In the Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Ministers, forty years ago, when Dr. Beecher animadverted at those members of the body who held not to the faith of the fathers, Dr. Lowell inquired if there were any members who did hold to the faith of the fathers ; and Dr. Beecher could only cough out "Yes, for substance!" Dr. Beecher knew not how far, on the ice-floe he had anchored to, his very moorings, anchor and all, afloat, he had been borne. The Bible, the Bible only, the religion of Protestants, was the old cry. But how the withdrawal of emphasis has left large parts of it so obsolete that any assault on their special inspiration is like thrusting a sword into dust! But, though we abjure the dogmas of the Pilgrims, we cling to their principles. Never were such Puritans as now in respect to human rights. Not only rights of men, but of children, nay, of animals too! Even women are found to have rights entitled to respect, to be owners, traders, clerks, doctors, public speakers, voters, if they choose. Among the keenest brokers in New York are certain women. Theories come and

go, but principles, moral reform, temperance, freedom, never take a backward step.

This changing emphasis or proportion of faith no orthodoxy has had vigor to resist. In how many of its assemblies we find no stress laid on the old doctrines, — perhaps through an entire service no allusion to total depravity, tri-personal Deity, arbitrary election, vicarious atonement, or everlasting punishment! A certain locality in this city was once vulgarly called "Brimstone Corner;" and Chief Justice Shaw informed me, that, once attending there in his youth, and hearing Dr. Griffin charge the people to meet him in heaven, or their blood would be on their own heads, *he*, then a young man sitting in the pew, muttered to himself, "Who are you? Do you expect on that occasion to be sitting on the bench, or standing at the bar?" But now the emphasis in Park Street Church is as liberal as in Dr. Channing's pulpit, in his worthy successor's charge, on the opposite square. Unitarianism, too, is losing its dogmatic boundary lines; or only faint traces are left where the wall once ran, as in the fields under Mount Holyoke, where the fences have been taken away, and the harvest waves without bound. "I take out," said one, "my geography, and cannot find where Unitarians are on the map." Well, let them be all over the map! Only a film of form and ceremony separates good men of every name.

In the proportion of faith, we emphasize works above counter-works or miracles, believe in miracles as we may. "There is no presumption in nature against miracles," said a great naturalist: "the question is historical." But as matters of history, how scholars reduce the old prodigies to natural events, a thunder-storm at Mount Sinai, a volcano at Sodom, a hurricane at the Red Sea! But, take them as they stand, the works are more than the portents. The panorama of creation is grander than the picture-book of the Jews. In our primer we used to read of the "seven wonders of the world." But science, unrolling the chart of creation, shows countless wonders, and makes all wonder alike. The sturdiest believer treads lightly over the special signs on the splendid floor of the universe. To whom is the stopping of the sun more than his motion, or the turning of

water into wine, more than the water, with its buckets in the rising and falling clouds, its well the sea, and the gravitation of the earth its rope,— which turns to wine in ten thousand vineyards, in an immense factory running under the hand of God? Who counts the blasting of the fig-tree more than its growth, or the money more than the fish's mouth in which it was found? We admire the constitution of nature unfolded by modern study so much more than any supposed violations of it, that we judge them to be apparent alone. Humboldt is thought no atheist, because, on a certain occasion, he recognized the Divine hand as the church-bells rang in a destructive earthquake. Why more than in the earth-quiet? Was Humboldt sincere and superstitious, or fanciful and poetic in what he said? We accept Christ's healing wonders, because we find hints of them in our own experience,— as transcendent continuations of the healing power of nature; and his resurrection seconds the motion of our immortality, made for the soul's birthright by its conscious kindred with God.

In the proportion of faith we emphasize Providence above prophecy. God's walk with men and nations, leading them on to new degrees of order and liberty, is more to us than any famous fortune-telling found in Daniel, Ezekiel, Isaiah, and the rest, about the fate of Babylon or Tyre, the empire of Napoleon I. or III., the second advent or final conflagration of the world. The great seer is in the human breast, and all are lesser beside. We scarce wish the events of our lives predicted: the veil that conceals them is woven by the hand of mercy; and, could some gipsy read them in the palm of our hand, we would not hold out the palm of our hand to have them read.

In the proportion of faith we emphasize duties above ordinances. Touching as are the emblems of our religion, no symbol can equal the moral sublime; no sign exceed the thing signified, no outward baptism regenerate, no body and blood of the Lord, were they proved actually in the elements of bread and wine, nourish the soul. We do not want his body and blood, but only the spirit and truth for which, as shadows, they stand. Ritual reactions are the measure of carnal weakness and decline in the church. To be and do right is more than

any ritualism, on which emphasis is misplaced. "If I kiss my enemy," said Ole Bull, "what have I left for my friend?" If I rely on a sacrament to redeem, where is my behavior? Obedience to Christ's precepts makes us members of his body, whether communicant or non-communicant members. A clergyman told me some of his parish, not of the church, were foremost, beyond all propounded and entered on the books, in good works. "But are they not," I asked, "of the church, its vital organs, its most living part?" He made no reply. Abraham Lincoln said he had never joined any church, because he had never found one which made the two great commandments of love to God and man its simple creed. He a member of no church! He joined all churches, and was received in open fellowship the moment his soul slipped out of his bleeding brow. What communion is close enough to keep him out? Keep out the martyr Stephen as soon. His death was solemnized in countless courts where his feet never trod; his funeral procession was twenty millions long; his name shines on the canon of saints and liveth evermore,—because, in a hard exigency, at the cost of his life, he did his duty. Ordinances have their place,—like courtesies to a king which promote the authority of the realm, though scarce more than the dust of the balance to the virtue that outweighs the globe and the sun,—as Father Hyacinthe reads his breviary still, but postpones formularies to equity and the royal law of liberty. The most of spirit to the least of form is the ideal receipt for worship; a hundred parts of sincerity and goodness, to one of ceremonial, to produce the pearl of beauty, the diamond of truth: reverse the ingredients, and we have but some pudding-stone of compromise, or baser equivocation of the earth earthy, for a crumbling foundation to build the church on. Take off from religion the heavy armor she staggers under, the thick folds she is stifled by, but retain her decent dress. Let emblems be her servitors, not rising against their mistress, but modest accompanists in the song she sings.

Over-emphasis of appearance in religion runs into life, as Quaker simplicity in worship led to the same in deportment and attire. When it was said of a woman who stickled for the Eng-

lish service that she was fond of dress, and her talk of the horse she rode, was there no thread of connection between the ecclesiastical custom and the worldly mind? Formalism, in the shape of splendid ritual or gaudy apparel, will do equally well for the winding-sheet of the soul, and etiquette be sexton to dig the grave of the spirit alike in society and the church. "You can omit or shorten your sermon," said the warden to the preacher, on a dark day. "But can I abbreviate the readings?" he inquired. "Not a word," the warden rejoined. As the chapter was the fable about the six days' creation in Genesis, and the discourse on the times, might not one doubt the emphasis? A scaler of moral weights and measures would have worse obliquity to cure than an uneven beam at the hay-market or swaying diamond-index at the bank. Such an erroneous religious conception of the supreme sacredness of unvarying verbal order is like a mistake in the coast-surveyor's base-line which repeats and enlarges itself, endangering everybody on land or sea, through every degree of a continent.

In the proportion of faith we should emphasize humanity beyond any individual. Even Jesus is less than the race, though the finest blossom on the family tree. His person is a prison if our thought be confined to it. With his own hand he pushes us above the limits of his personality. His life is but an emphasis, as of italics or capital letters, on the better aspirations of our souls. He told his disciples, in their fondness for him he was standing between them and the spirit, becoming not a revelation, but an eclipse of the sun.

Like that set of notes called a *reheat*, blown on the hunter's horn to summon back the chase from a false direction, let us hear the trumpet in the mouth of God, long-resounding to recall us to the proportion of faith, in the ratio of truth. Let us know that positive religious teaching alone can feed, and the most acute and brilliant negations will but leave us to starve. We must deny only the better to affirm, and deny no farther than is necessary to define our idea. Do you scout your neighbor's views as absurd or superstitious? The terrible question will come, "What have *you* to say? Give us your news from heaven!" Here is the test which Radicalism must meet. To make a soli-

tude and call it peace, like the soldiers Tacitus tells of, will be no glory in a moral warfare. But, if God lives and speaks, what is atheism in man but to be deaf to his present word? His speech with us, ours with him, is religion, and makes prophets and holy books. Voice or vision of him is within. "Wilt thou see heaven with these eyes," said the Turkish Cadi to the traveler Leyard. No man ever saw or will see God with an organ of sight. Was Jesus an exception? Had he a sensuous hearing and beholding, a sound, a place of the Infinite? Inferior if not impossible way! As Swedenborg said, not to have a certain opinion, but to know that truth is truth, marks a man, so to know the Divine signal when it comes.

This made Jesus say, "I and my Father are one," — not that they *agreed*, as some Unitarians superficially interpret, but the Son enters into the identity; the Son and Father constitute together the unity, — God no being apart, as Jew and Pagan conceived, but the essence of his children, not of a single son, but countless offspring, in eternal generation. Never was a time when he had but one. "Has there ever been any one as good as Jesus?" Father Taylor was asked, after he had been preaching the doctrine of perfection. "*Millions*," he replied.

Inspiration is of one kind; and its universality, not its degree, is the great fact. Only by God's whisper to us can we know of his whisper to anybody. The teachings of Jesus are but echoes of the oracle within, growing clear and loud, like reports caught up by the air to resound among the mountains. Be it a circle of hills or a whispering-gallery, at the point whence the reverberation proceeds it most distinctly gathers. Both the source and the return of the spirit's voice are in the human breast. Major prophets and minor ones! They are all minor, Isaiah and Ezekiel, as well as Habakkuk and Malachi, to God's prophet never dead in the soul.* The Bible your creed? Those parts of it you never quote, and lay no stress on, where no preacher finds his theme? A text is an emphasis; and is not that which emphasizes greater than that which is emphasized? Who now reads the Bible through, so much at a time, as though it were a huge store of moral pemmican? Is not the fresh fruit of the spirit better than any preserve, well and sweet

as it may have kept for thousands of years? With immediate inspiration can any ancient letter compare? Rome or reason for final authority we must choose: else is not even the Papal Infallibility, whose decree we are so shocked at being threatened with, if voicing fairly the judgment and consent of a living church, better than any vast herbarium in which flowers of sacred literature of all ages are indiscriminately pressed and dried for the only and equal patterns of our culture to-day? The discerning, comforting spirit of truth is our only guide. But this inward witness will never discard, but only answer and authenticate, every genuine syllable of its own past or distant utterance, "as deep calleth unto deep with the noise of his water-spouts."

Yet all comes from the interior consciousness of God, by whatever touch from without that sleeper in the human bosom may be stirred. The doctrine seems at first to be the parent of the religious sentiment; but the sentiment starts up and says, "No! I am the parent, and all modes of teaching and worship are born and begotten of me." To improve the offspring by purifying the parentage, let us learn and labor and pray. Was Christ a mere man, then? No: there is no such thing as a mere man! Who can free himself from God, the Common of our souls? Shall Shakespeare tell us of the divinity that "doth hedge a *king*"? Wherever there is a *man*, God is, investing something of himself; and the vital stock, which we are, need not fear he will lose his property.

C. A. BARTOL.

GOD'S HANDS.

I.

A SUMMONS smote athwart the night :
"Cease slumbering ! rise ! — amid,
Beyond the glimmering fields of light,
A perfect bourne is hid."

Upsprang my soul, and girded on
The joy and pomp of youth :
A flaming sword before me shone,
Conviction of the truth.

Up through the wonders of the dark,
Past planet, moon, and star,
On, on I sped, a single spark,
Pressed toward the goal afar.

I gazed upon the weary world
Stretched faint for freer breath :
Above it surly flags unfurled
To gather troops of death.

I heard the tide of human woe
Upon the shores of time
With restless roll surge to and fro :
• Myself, untouched, sublime, —

Ay, dauntless ever, rose my soul
Through tracts of fire and flood,
And on the summit of the whole,
By God's clear hest I stood,

And made with deep, applausive breath,
Star-peopled spaces ring,
The while the world that lay beneath
Wept hopeless of its king.

Content I viewed the upright ways
In devious paths that trod ;
And in victorious hymns of praise
I touched the hand of God.

II.

At dawn of day a whisper fell :
" Art master of my truth,
And not the slave of love ? I tell
That secret to thy youth.

" Thou own'st the world, thou own'st the hearts
Of all that pray and plod :
Thou know'st the whole, then learn the parts,
And be to them a God.

" Rebuke the pride that dares reject
Of little ones the least,
And with a thrift divine collect
Thy fragments of God's feast."

Thankful this heavenly way I see,
Thankful with these I plod ;
And then in sweet humility
I touch the hand of God.

WOMAN AND SCIENCE.

A CHAPTER ON THE ENFRANCHISEMENT AND EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

II.

HERE are two ways of accounting for the emotional and intellectual differences between men and women. One method is that of absolute creation. According to this view, the characteristics of each sex were originally predetermined in the counsels of the Creator, and executed accordingly by a divine act. This old theological method of philosophizing is rapidly becoming obsolete, and we shall not detain to give it even a parting criticism. The writer, however, can well remember when he looked upon the mental constitution of men and women as essential, absolute, unalterable. But modern science has shown that the forms of the animate world are indeed very changeable, and we are scarcely able to predicate of anything, "thus and no otherwise." Not only have we learned that forms change, but we have learned something of the laws in accordance with which change takes place; and these laws are applicable to man even in a greater degree than to the lower animals.

ADAPTATION TO CONDITIONS.

Nature evinces a marvelous subtlety in adapting living forms to the conditions of their life. The influences of climate and the law of natural selection, by whatever cause made operative, contribute mainly to bring about the changes of adaptation. Animals are usually white in the polar regions, and sand-colored in the desert.* An animal of any other color than white would

* Most of the facts on this subject in the following paragraphs are from a fine article in the "Westminster Review," July, 1867. See also "Scientific Annual," 1868, pp. 265-6. Since making this note an article on the "Relation between the Coloring and Nidification of Birds" has appeared in "Appleton's Journal," Vol. II. p. 323. It is from the pen of A. R. Wallace, a high authority. The subject has already considerable of a literature.

be less likely to survive in the midst of the snow-fields of the North. If an animal of prey, its color, in contrast with the snow, would render it so conspicuous that its prey would take the alarm and flee; if an animal preyed upon, it would be a mark so readily discerned, as scarcely to escape its enemies. If striking colors should suddenly appear in any Arctic species, the animals thus marked would be the surest to perish. Natural selection would thus weed out all but the white. The bear is white nowhere else but in the snow-clad regions of the North.

The same law holds in the case of desert animals. And whether amid perpetual snow or changeless sand, any animals that may be exceptionally colored, the same are otherwise protected by some peculiarity of habit; as the woodchuck of Canada and the sable of Siberia, the one burrowing in the ground, the other living upon the trees.

The colors of some animals change with the season; and the color at any time is that which is protective, favoring the concealment of the animal. The Arctic fox, the ermine, and the Alpine hare are white only in winter; the summer plumage of the ptarmigan is like that of the stones among which it sits, while its winter plumage is white.

Another form of adaptation shows still more the plastic nature of animate forms, and the subtlety of the laws by which protection is secured. Examples thereof are found in the insect world. Certain orders of insects are protected by their stings, their hardness, or by an offensive odor or taste. Some kinds of these insects are very numerous, no doubt because they are so protected. But what is so remarkable in this connection is, that other insects not so protected, and few in number, simulate the protected forms in external appearance, although in essential structure the two may be very unlike; and thus are weak and slow-flying insects preserved from extermination by a protective resemblance which deceives their enemies. Forms and colors in insects, as in other organic forms, are liable to change from generation to generation; and whatever might arise of a protective character would be likely to be preserved by saving the individual from capture; and thus, through the continuous operation of variation and selection, one species without natural

protection might come to resemble another which has such protection.

SEXUAL SELECTION.

But what is more striking still, and more directly to our purpose, is, that this principle of natural selection, or the survival of the fittest, does not merely give character to distinct species as a unit male and female ; but it discriminates between the sexes of the same species, and gives distinct characters to each. This is often so conspicuously the fact that in the "animal kingdom there are many instances in which this difference is so great that both sexes would not be included in the same genus, much less in the same species, if their relations to each other were not ascertained" (Vogt). The principle of natural selection in hereditary descent by which one of the sexes becomes very unlike the other is exhibited in an instructive manner in some species of birds. What renders these examples the more interesting is the fact that we may be quite sure that we know the reason why these differences obtain.

The mother bird, in occupying the unprotected nest, is more exposed than her mate that has abundant opportunity to look out for himself ; and in such cases the plumage of the female is less brilliant and conspicuous than that of the male. But whenever the nest is protected, as when it is built in the hole of a tree, or otherwise concealed, there are not the same causes operating to select a dull plumage for the female ; and hence, in species of birds which thus build their nests, as parrots and woodpeckers, the mother bird usually differs but little in plumage from her mate. But there are some species in which the male is the plain bird, and the female the gaudy one ; and in these instances the singular fact obtains that the male does duty upon the nest and hatches out the eggs. In one bird of this kind, the sooty phalarope, the two sexes have like plumage in winter, while in summer the plumage of the male is less conspicuous than that of the female ; and "the male alone sits on the eggs."

The reader will readily perceive that the point of central interest here is the elective transmission of the diverse sexual characteristics. The same bird is mother of the male as well

as of the female ; and so the same bird is father of the female as well as of the male, and yet the female takes after the mother, and the male after the father, in all those characteristics which are distinctive of the sexes. Darwin has shown, by his immense collection of facts, how readily new and singular features may arise in individuals, varieties, and species ; and he with others has noted the fact that, when a new character arises, it is apt to adhere to the sex in which it first appears.* The male has his assemblage of peculiar characters, and the female hers in like manner, and the two keep as distinct as if they belonged to different species.

These secondary sexual differences pertain to insects and animals as well as to birds, and to the brain as well as to the bodily form. Vogt affirms that these sexual differences of the cranium are especially striking in the anthropoid apes, those forms which approach nearest to man. And since, in the case of lower animals, secondary sexual differences have arisen from the different circumstances in which the two sexes are placed, each becoming adapted to its peculiar conditions ; so we must infer that in the same manner have come about those differences which pertain to man as man and to woman as woman. If both could have been always placed in precisely the same conditions of life, they would, no doubt, have been precisely alike in mental aptitudes ; but this could not be. The very fact, that the one is the mother and the other the father, places them under unlike conditions of activity, and makes them unlike in mind and body. The fact of motherhood encumbers the physical activity of woman, and renders her physically less competent than man ; and in consequence of these conditions, woman has been man's slave in all the forms of society in which brute force prevails. Upon these necessary conditions of woman's comparatively greater physical and mental inertia has been built all the wrong to woman. With less demand upon his affections, the primitive man was more at liberty for action ; hence a cause for the germ in him of physical and intellectual superiority.

* "The Variation of Plants and Animals under Domestication." Vol. II. pp. 94, 97, 106, 167, 385. Am. Ed.

The sum of the energy which any individual exercises is in proportion to the amount of force afforded to the system by assimilated food. Woman has a vast drain upon the forces thus generated which man has not. I refer to the organization and growth of the foetus, and the birth and nourishment of the infant. This drain upon forces otherwise not equal to man's, weakens by so much her ability to act upon the external world; hence a potent cause of her physical and intellectual inability. It has been truthfully remarked that the woman who intellectually distinguishes herself is not the woman who is rearing a family. This tax upon the resources of the mother has been too little estimated in the comparison of man and woman; but, in view of the great law of the persistence of force, it assumes a definiteness which cannot be overlooked.

As man advances in culture and taste, and improves his conditions, he begins in some respects to favor woman; and if his tastes should operate in the manner of selection, they would go, no doubt, to improve her in personal charms and affectional devotion. And it is perhaps to man's preference that, in some measure, she owes the fascination of her grace and beauty.*

SEXUAL SELECTION IN THE HUMAN RACE.

But there are what we believe to be facts going directly to show that the secondary sexual characteristics of men and women are not the fixed result of a creative act, but that they have been brought about by the conditions of life. The American Indian is rather tall and slender, built for agility such as war and the chase require; while his squaw is of more squat and stocky build, such as the greater drudgery imposed upon her might be supposed to demand. In the class of Germans who settle in our western country, this short, stocky build of the woman is obvious so far as the writer has had means of observation; and he has seen many of them working in the field, hoeing corn, picking brush, and even helping to roll logs. Amongst the Fan

* Carl Vogt adopts this view, and Mill treats it in a luminous and conclusive manner.

people of Africa, travelers have observed that the women are heavy set and muscular, while the men are tall and slender. The women are drudges, and the men hunters and warriors.* A medical man "found the African women to be as strong as our men. Not only," he adds, "did I see proof of it in their work, and in the weights which they lifted, but, on examining their arms, I found them large and hard beyond all previous experience. On the contrary, I saw the men of those tribes to be weak; their muscles small and flabby. Both facts are accounted for by the habits of the people. The men there are lazy in the extreme: all the hard work is done by the women."† Yet it is significant that even here the men are the masters. Even Mrs. Farnham recognizes the fact that, when woman is subjected to hard, out-door labor, she loses her delicately rounded form, and becomes osseous and muscular.‡

Sufficient has been advanced to show the influence of conditions and of sexual selection in causing a divergence between man and woman in the course of their development. If conditions may thus affect the sexes, and if among civilized peoples there is greater disparity between the cerebral forms of the sexes than among anthropoid apes and primitive peoples, the greater disparity in the former instance would be due in some way to the conditions of civilized life. If man, being less encumbered than woman, and having a greater supply of vital force for the nourishing of new energies, has already the start of woman in primitive life, it would be but natural that he should keep his advantages good under civilization; and he

* "Anthropological Review." Vol. I., p. 51.

† "Westminster Review," Oct. 1865, p. 168. Scott's Ed.

‡ W. H. Riehl, a German author, who has written a conservative work on the family, takes the position that the modern movement for the equality of the sexes is an effort to get back to barbarism. Among primitive peoples, men and women are quite alike; with advancing civilization, they diverge, the women becoming delicate, and the sexes more and more unlike. He instances numerous facts to sustain the position. There can scarcely be any question of the fact. But perhaps woman is becoming too delicate, too frail, too emotional, and the sexes too far removed from each other in a psychological sense, to afford the proper condition for real companionship and mutual helpfulness.

might even add to the distance between himself and woman. As the conditions affecting life multiply, he would be abler than she to avail himself of the increasing wealth of educational opportunity. He enters readily into all the activities springing up in modern life, while woman is prevented in a great measure from doing so by both natural and artificial disadvantages.

From the foregoing we infer that woman's more infantile development of brain and character is due to two distinct classes of causes: first, those which necessarily pertain to her as the child-bearing sex; and, secondly, those unnecessary disabilities which have been imposed upon her in consequence of the first. The former admit of and need no amelioration; the latter do.

For woman's necessary and natural disadvantages, which are mainly intellectual, she has compensation in necessary and natural advantages which are mainly emotional. It is not mental compensation, but educational justice, that society owes to woman. If her comparative disadvantages are multiplying under civilization, should it not be an object of some concern to provide means for obviating the same? Man owes it to himself, as well as to woman, to devise methods for the enlargement of her educational opportunity: his own good requires that woman shall be his companion, and not his slave or toy. Companionship requires that she shall be interested in the same great duties of life with himself: he should have no exclusive field in which his companion has no voice and no acknowledged interest. If a voice in the political affairs of the day be good for him, possibly it would be good for her. If such active part as he takes therein enlarges his capacities, views, and sympathies, it would be well to consider whether it would not be useful in giving breadth to hers.

The plea for the enfranchisement of woman as a right other than educational has been ably made, and it is constantly invading a wider circle of intelligent and liberal people with the trophies of logical victory. It is as a school of discipline and educational development that the plea is here made for the enfranchisement of woman. It is this form of justice to her that it has been the especial object of this essay to present.

ENFRANCHISEMENT AS A MEANS OF EDUCATION.

If it is expected of woman to know something of what is going on in the political world, so as to act intelligently as an enfranchised citizen, she will have less time and eventually less taste for the frivolities and trivialities of life. "Human nature is so constituted that it grows to the conditions of life in which it is placed" (Maudsley). Exalt the conditions of woman's life, enlarge the sphere of her activities, and woman must rise in dignity and worth. It is not to be supposed, that, by the improvement of woman's educational advantages through enfranchisement and other means, she would at once be lifted out of the regions of triviality into that of greater intellectual dignity; but the process would be hastened, though generations might be required for the accumulation of marked results.

It has been made a serious question whether the education which the franchise would give woman is desirable. There is a great deal of alarm extant in this regard which we believe to be groundless. If it be the interest of society that woman shall be an object of mere grace and beauty, to please the fancy and challenge a superficial and ephemeral admiration, then there is little need of enlarging the field of her intellectual education; but if companionship, mutual helpfulness, and a deep and lasting friendship be desirable, there is need that woman shall have the same educational opportunities which men have.

Let no one suppose that the writer accepts the education of his own sex as perfect: he only assumes that it has wider scope, and is relatively superior to woman's. But, inasmuch as the supply is usually adapted to the demand, there is reason to believe that the education which girls receive, especially that which they receive from their mothers, is pretty much what is calculated to accommodate them to the unchastened imaginations of the mass of young men. But the progressive influences of civilization have come to man with a more bountiful supply of educational wealth than to woman; and with the better education of mothers, who are to so great an extent the tutors of sons, there will be change in this respect; and young men may come to realize before possession, rather than through

disappointment afterwards, the requisites of an abiding companionship.

With regard to the education derived from the exercise of political rights, it may be asked, Can we, as a political body, afford to extend the suffrage to woman, when, from her previous habits of life, she is little qualified for its intelligent exercise? This would open a large field to discussion, upon which we do not propose here to enter. If the protest is valid against woman suffrage, it was more valid still against negro suffrage. It must be confessed, moreover, that a large portion of white men cast the ballot with little real knowledge of what they are doing. Those women who are asking for the suffrage would be able to exercise it with far more discrimination than the vast majority of white men are at present capable of doing. These, of course, are a very small percentage of the mass of the sex; but with regard to just so many is the objection without validity.

It is true, that, by admitting woman to the franchise, we bring into active politics a still larger proportion than we now have of elements that are capricious and unsteady; but, having admitted the negro, we have not shown ourselves to be much afraid of danger from the liberal and gratuitous gift of the ballot. We have in this instance evinced a confidence in the stability of our institutions which it would ill become us to lay aside when woman knocks for admission.

But this affair of politics is managed mainly by a few leaders, the masses only doing their bidding. By making the masses more ponderous, we may enlarge the opportunity of demagogues, it is true; but, as an offset to this, the system of education now in vogue in this country, embracing all its forms, is fitting the people better and better for intelligent action in political and other affairs, while the admission of woman herself may introduce an element which will not be without some features of redeeming virtue. If the political corruption which now curses this country cannot be abated, but shall continue, or grow worse, the people must eventually wake up to its enormity, and realize the necessity of putting better men into places of trust.

If our franchise system can carry negroes and all sorts of foreigners, we believe it can carry women. Further than that, if it

is right to admit unqualified men of whatever color or class, it is equally right to admit unqualified women. The admission of all such is no doubt a practical evil; but a far greater political wrong is to deny admission to the intelligent, whatever the sex, the color, or the place of nativity. Having admitted the intelligent of foreigners and negroes, is it not unwise and unjust, as well as ungallant and cowardly, to shut the door in the face of intelligent women who are seeking for admission? We might wish that all the people were sufficiently intelligent to exercise the right of suffrage with just discrimination; but, since a condition of things so desirable does not obtain, then do we protest against the exclusion of such as are intelligent and qualified because their admission necessitates the admission of others who are not thus intelligent and so qualified. If, after all, our universal-suffrage system should break down, and we be compelled to revise our fundamental laws, and establish some test, educational or other, to save our nation from intolerable corruption and anarchy, that test would be as easily applied to female voters as to any other political class, and prudential considerations of that character should not, we think, be allowed to perpetuate the disfranchisement of woman.

I admit the liability to greater political obliquity in the event of enfranchisement. The chances of greater abuse have always followed the extension of the franchise. Woman has a more conservative constitution of mind, and would be more likely than man to ally herself with anti-progressive or reactionary movements in politics. In any legislation that might be proposed for the liberalization of our Sunday laws, or of the divorce laws, or, on the other hand, for the making of morals compulsory, or engraving religious tenets upon our political institutions, women would be more likely than men to do the bidding of the reactionists in society, and range themselves on the side of bigotry. Priestcraft has a power over woman which it has not over man; and, with the ballot in her hands, it might attempt to use her as an instrument in working out its selfish ends. The same objection bears against the enfranchisement of any unqualified class; but such class becomes qualified most readily by the discipline afforded by the exercise of the function. The fran-

chise will be one of the most effectual means of secularizing woman, and elevating her above the influences of priesthood. Physiologists tell us that function precedes and modifies structure. Let it be so in political evolution so far as it may.

The subject of "female education" is a very complicated one: we have proposed only a few simple considerations. Woman's physical qualifications as mother are of paramount importance; and whatever seriously conflicts with the efficacy of this function is full of evil and should not be voluntarily put in force. If we adopt a system of education which expands the intellect at the expense of reproductive vitality, there is a serious wrong in that education.* The supply of vital energy from its natural source, the assimilation of food, has, as we have already said, its limits, and, if an undue proportion is carried to the brain, the physical will suffer. This is true of man as well as of woman, but still more true of her than of him, because the maternal draft upon her energies is more imperious than any draft which nature makes upon his. An education for woman which is to be derived mainly through sedentary and bookish habits, to the detriment of vital expansion, cannot be too emphatically repro-

* Dr. Nathan Allen, who has given the subject a good deal of attention, maintains, on the warrant of statistics, that the native population of Massachusetts is running out; and for the cause of it, in part, he refers to a high-pressure civilization under which there is too much exercise of the brain and nerves, and too little of the muscles. Hepworth Dixon says, "In Massachusetts, the religious centre of New England, the intellectual light of the United States, the young women marry, but they seldom have children. The women have made themselves companions to their husbands,—brilliant, subtle, solid companions. At the same time the power of New England is passing over to the populous West, and a majority of the rising generation of Boston is either of Irish or German birth." A writer in "The London Medical Times and Gazette," on "Aberrations of the Sexual Instinct," puts his view of the case in a heroic manner: "There is no truer instinct than that which leads men to admire a deep and well-formed female bosom. It typifies the calmness, the graciousness, all that is bland and bountiful in maternity. But big foreheads, flat bosoms, skinny legs, sharp features, coarse voice, and a strong taste for criminal statistics are the true type of the 'woman's rights' system." See "Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence," Vol. I. No. 1, and Vol. II No. 2.

bated. The entire organism of woman pleads for methods of education which shall not be too severe a tax upon her physical energies, which shall not seriously interfere with the freest and fullest development of her physical system. If her brain were educated to be of the masculine type, but at the expense of her physical perfectness as a woman, such educational results would be deplorable. The just aim should be, that through education woman shall become, not more of a man, but less a child and more a woman. This implies integrality. Of first importance is the physical; and just so far as is compatible with this, and no farther, the expansion of the intellectual. While the appliances of her education should not tax the physical to exhaustion and debility, they should widen the sphere of her intellectual interests. Hence the need of removing all disabilities, and of encouraging her to enter into a greater variety of the activities of civilized life. This will give practical discipline and mental expansion, and, without dwarfing the physical, will make her more robust intellectually and morally, and thereby establish the grounds of a truer sympathy and companionship between her and man. And with regard to the question of giving greater multiplicity to the activities of woman, it may be well to bear in mind that it is not so much the legitimate duties and earnest work of modern life, as its follies, that most surely lead to physical degeneracy and the extinction of families.

CONCLUDING CONSIDERATIONS.

Among the various classes which took sides on the slavery question, were what may be called the moral agitators and the scientific manipulators. Between these there was no sort of sympathy, each having a contemptuous regard for the other. The abettors of slavery took advantage of the scientific facts, in relation to white and colored men, to array science against freedom; and even scientific men proper, and not in sympathy with slavery, would not allow the races to be characterized as inferior and superior,—though the fact stands forth palpable and undeniable,—and thus they virtually granted the assumption that such racial distinctions afforded a logical basis for slavery. Too

many were ready to draw political conclusions from anatomical facts, the one having no sort of logical relations with the other. It was in this spirit that Dr. Hunt, then president of the Anthropological Society of London, referred, during our civil war, to "the United States that were!"

But the moral agitators never stopped to ask whether science was on their side: their methods were metaphysical, they were sure they were right; and they went on contributing their share to the causes which brought about the war, and through it the extinction of slavery. Their competitors had attempted too much with ethnology; it could not be stretched far enough to cover political and social sins: and it failed a wicked cause in the hour of its direst need. A misuse had been made of science.

Now, in regard to the present agitation of woman's rights, we have a very similar division of parties. Almost all distinguished physiologists who have delivered themselves upon the subject are opposed, on biological grounds, to the enfranchisement of woman; and their arguments in some instances are animated by a dogmatic and contemptuous spirit. Yet, for all this, we think it quite safe to predict that the moral agitators will go on till they have brought about the legal conditions of woman's enfranchisement. The appeal to science availed nothing in the case of slavery; and we believe it will avail nothing in the case before us. The pseudo-scientific conclusions of pro-slavery were wrong; the conclusions against woman's rights, which so many biologists would base on the comparative anatomy and physiology of the man and the woman, are, as we think, equally wrong. Properly interpreted, we hold that the scientific facts are on the side of woman suffrage; and if this were so understood by the liberal agitators, we should not hear — as we have heard — them classing science among the bigotries of the day. Understand us not as being willing to defer one jot or tittle of the staidness and dignity of science to any derogatory estimate whatever. We are not begging for science.

In this essay the writer has confined himself to a leading idea single and simple in its character, — that of the educational need and the educational use of the franchise to woman. In that he has allowed the claims of the suffrage agitators, he may

forfeit the sympathy of the physiologists ; and in that he has recognized the facts of science in regard to the relative endowments of men and women, he may forfeit the sympathy of those who, allowing that woman has long been and in a great measure still is a slave, hold, nevertheless, that, in spite of the ages of such education, she is man's equal, if not superior, in development. But even if the writer had been sure that his essay would fall between the contending parties ineffectual and unnoticed, he should have been compelled, in the event of writing at all, to present what to his mind is the plain and unmistakable meaning of the facts. If his efforts shall contribute anything to bring about a reconciliation between the physiological and moral methods of viewing this question, he will feel abundantly repaid for his labor.

J. STAHL PATTERSON.

THE SOUL'S PRIVILEGE.

POOR soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 Starved by those rebel powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge ? Is this thy body's end ?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss ;
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more :
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
 And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

— *William Shakespeare.*

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS IN ENGLAND.

THE world is very likely to be startled soon by the announcement that Parliament has enfranchised women. That measure has already been passed so far as regards municipal governments, and it has worked so quietly and successfully that the prophets of evil will not be able to bring a single fact against the powerful array of forces which will be brought to bear in favor of its extension to parliamentary elections. But there is a great deal of speculation as to the effect that the enfranchisement of women will have upon the political situation. It is said that Mr. Disraeli intends to advocate the measure in the full belief that the vast majority of women will prove to be conservatives. And there are certain signs that for a time it may turn out to be so. The reason of this is chiefly the degree to which English women are under the influence of the clergy; and this, of course, rests upon the great ignorance which still prevails among women, even of families in good position, and the ingenuity with which what training they have is perverted to the perpetuation of silliness.

A recent report has been made by Her Majesty's Commissioners on the subject of middle-class education for girls, on which I send you a few notes which will indicate the extent to which the old systems with which reformers have to contend in this country are intrenched.

In the first place, the commissioners found the greatest difficulty in even pursuing their investigations into the schools. Their experiences recall those of the tax-gatherer in old times. The chins of school-ma'ams went into the air, and shrill voices were heard denouncing the "inquisitorial" proceedings of those who were endeavoring to find out how the wives and mothers of Englishmen are being educated.

One lady expresses her sorrow that "Ministers have nothing better to do than to pry into the *ménage* of private families, as I consider my establishment, which has been in existence thirty

years, and always held the highest position." I should imagine that the assistant-commissioners found all the light they required in the sentiment and style of that sentence. Mr. Hammond's first application to inspect a ladies' school was met, "not exactly with courtesy, but certainly with undisguised derision;" and subsequently he seems to have become familiar with assurances that no "woman of spirit" or "girl of spirit" would submit to such "inquisitorial"—this being the favorite phrase—proceedings. In one case the mistress, after stating that her pupils were the "daughters of gentlemen," and leaping to the inference that it would be "dishonorable" in her to allow the proposed visit, concluded thus: "I consider your application an unwarrantable intrusion into my private affairs, to be met with, as now, so in future, by decided refusals on my part." Surely the gentlemen referred to must be proud to have their daughters instructed by a lady of such Johnsonian elevation of diction and sentiment. This lady, it appears, called upon the parish clergyman to protect her from the ruffianly eyes of the commissioners; and how fit he was for the task will be readily estimated from the following letter: "Miss —, of —, in my parish, has informed me of your proposition to inspect her school. Knowing Miss — very well, and the nature of her establishment, I consider it as strictly and essentially a private school. As such I should consider it as quite secure from any such inquisitorial visit as the one you propose. As the clergyman of the parish, I am in the habit of holding a Bible-class in her school twice a week, as well as a confirmation-class. Every regard is paid to the personal comfort of her pupils, and, as far as I can judge, to their educational progress. What further information you can ask for I am at a loss to conceive."

The second of the moral conditions surrounding such establishments as these, in the vast majority of which, it is amply shown, no solid acquirements are possible, or even aimed at, is the very general apathy of parents as to the kind of education their daughters are receiving. They desire only a school attended by girls in the same social rank with themselves, where their daughters shall be taught the piano, drawing, and other "accomplishments;" and, in not a few instances, they have

actually opposed teachers who desired to improve the quality of the teaching in their schools. It seems, therefore, that in many parts of the country, teachers, clergymen, and parents are acting in concert to prolong the sad inefficiency of female education by demanding the mediocrity which is supplied with such fatal facility, and by defending their superficial establishments from public criticism.

No disclosures, however, that inspection by the commissioners could have made would have been likely to cast so much light upon these institutions as the efforts made to shield them from investigation, particularly where those efforts have taken the form of missives like those quoted. The zoologist can describe the fish from one of its scales; but one need hardly be an adept to discover what kind of education can alone proceed from writers who cannot even express their nonsense grammatically.

The more the report of the commissioners is studied, the more must it be felt that the reform of girls' schools must be very radical indeed. That the vast majority of them look no further than providing instruction in music, drawing, and a few other accomplishments, and these in a very moderate degree, has been rendered too sadly certain and familiar to require further proof. As little can it be a question with thinking men and women that the intellectual and moral tone of English society cannot be raised under the limitation of the minds of women to such flimsy resources. But by far the saddest aspect of the case is the satisfaction of so many parents and clergymen with the schools as they are, which insulates them from the best influences of the age. Bad as things have been in the past, the modern advance of mankind in science and general information gives to the prevalent ignorance of women, in this day, a novel deformity. Mr. Emerson said, "The more piano, the less bear." But the philosopher, no doubt, assumed the higher education afforded to his country-women: had this been left out of the consideration, and music been the beginning and end of female education in America, he would probably have said, "The more piano, the more goose." While testimony, which it is impossible to set aside, reveals the gross deficiencies of our middle-class schools for girls, so far as the solid branches of instruction are con-

cerned, the intelligence of the nation has advanced in a ratio unknown at any former period. Prof. Levi's statistics show that fifteen in every ten thousand of the population of England are directly occupied in the promotion of science; that four pounds in every ten thousand pounds of the national income, charged to income-tax, goes to the same object; that the number of members of each of our learned societies has increased for the last thirty years in the ratio of one hundred and seventy-two per cent. How much of this wonderful growth of knowledge is represented in the teaching of English girls? The naturalists tell us that two-thirds of the rays emitted by the sun fail to arouse in the human eye any sense of vision. The visual powers are not sufficiently developed to respond to so much of the light shining around and upon them. But one would be glad to believe that anything like a third of the intellectual light proceeding from the splendid attainments of this age awakened any insight or even sensation in the average girls trained in the ordinary fashionable English school. "Want of thoroughness and foundation, want of system, slovenliness and showy superficiality, inattention to rudiments, undue time given to accomplishments, and those not taught intelligently or in a scientific manner, want of organization," are the faults noted by the commissioners. "The purely intellectual education of girls is scarcely attempted, and when attempted it is a complete failure." "Music and singing are considered more important than a knowledge of arithmetic or history, or any general cultivation of the mind." "Instrumental music is supposed to be the leading subject of instruction for women, except in the lowest ranks of life." These, and far more of the same kind, are the verdicts of earnest and disinterested men on the generality of schools they have been appointed to examine.

Almost the only bow of promise spanning this dark cloud is the earnestness with which some English women are protesting against the evil and its dreary train of consequences. It is a noble offset to the poverty of such arrangements for the intellectual growth of girls, that so many women, who have risen above all the discouragements of their sex, are appealing to the country eloquently and convincingly against the wrongs thus

inflicted. This noble discontent cannot be long unproductive. A wing does not more surely imply the atmosphere that must sustain it, than the eagerness of our most thoughtful and cultivated women for larger preparation and freer play for their powers implies the growth of the healthier public opinion that shall satisfy their legitimate aspirations.

Wendell Phillips' theory, that political rights should not wait for education, but be conferred in order to ensure it, will find confirmation in the magnificent efforts which the women who are interested in securing a nobler position for their sex have made to secure scientific education. Since the prospect of their enfranchisement has drawn nearer, their demand has been so urgent that there have sprung up, in nearly all of the leading cities, "classes," which receive lectures from the chief professors of the country. Professors Huxley, Foster, Morley, Masson, Seeley, and many others, are now lecturing to large classes of women, and it really amounts to the formation of female universities, side by side with the old ones devoted to males, and under the same instructors. And, though I am warmly in favor of having persons of both sexes educated together, I must admit that I see more advantages in the delay of that particular reform here than in America. The great universities here were established to educate priests: they are not only still monastic in excluding women, but also in their antiquarian ideas of culture, and especially in their adoration of Latin. It is some compensation at least, until the four winds have breathed upon the dry bones of Oxford and Cambridge, that their fossilized methods will not be imported into the new institutions for the education of women. These are likely to be based upon the most advanced ideas of the age; and one may hardly be called visionary if he sees in the distance the co-educational principle reached by a general demand of young men to be admitted to the female universities.

M. D. CONWAY.

EDUCATIONAL REFORM.

IS it wise to spend so much time in attaining at colleges and high schools what is termed, by courtesy, a "classical education," but which far more often is merely a useless smattering of Greek and Latin, when so much other knowledge indispensable to true and healthy living, and of inestimable value, is never even set before the pupil? This is a foremost question in educational reform; and in determining it it is wise to consider how a necessity for a study of the classics arose, and upon the changes in modern civilization under which that necessity has almost wholly passed away. When Rome had conquered the world (or at least that part of it accessible to the age) by the sword, her occupation, like Othello's, was gone. The valor and virtue which had once shouldered aside feebler and less spirited races, and laid the basis of European civilization, had sunk to such infamous corruption that a shedding of blood was necessary to restore the lost health of humanity before it could start again on its grand but trying march of progress and development. History writes, in letters of blood and fire, that whenever vice and injustice reach a certain pitch, revolution follows. Happily, action and reaction are equal. The law which determines this is inexorable, otherwise the equilibrium of nature could not be sustained. Nature will not allow her fair face to be polluted by the wickedness of men beyond a certain extent. Practically she says to vice, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further," and as soon as the line is passed she washes herself clean in blood. Let modern civilization heed the lesson.

Hence it was that Rome became the prey of the hardy races on her confines, whose sons she had enslaved and slaughtered for sheer sport in the public arena. The dying gladiator, weltering in his gore, heeded not the shout of the bloody-minded mob who gloated over the brutal combat.

“ He heard it, but he heeded not ; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away.
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize ;
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
And there their Dacian mother. *He*, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday :
All *this* rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged ? *Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire !* ”

Hence the terrific vengeance of these races, when it did come, was like the doom of the judgment-day ; and the once haughty mistress of the world, reeking with blood and raging with anarchy, blazed like a funeral pyre. Most of the vices of her degenerate age perished with her ; but the spirit and the virtues of her best days lay enshrined in the writings of her philosophers, historians, and poets, and those of the sister empire of Greece.

The inspiration and learning of these were a part of the spiritual weapons with which the Church of Rome armed itself to stem the fierce violence and anarchy of the time, and to mold it into something like manageable shape. She became the guardian of all that was worth saving from the wreck of Roman civilization, and she shrewdly used it as one of the means to cement her own power, and to give effect to that dread superstition which was the natural foil to the brute force of the age.

The Roman laws and policy, merging with the savage common sense of the age, became the base of European jurisprudence and statesmanship. In order, therefore, to have any education at all, a study of Greek and Latin was indispensable. All the most valuable manuscripts then existing were written in those languages. Science was not known, and it was not until centuries after that alchemy, groping its way through a mass of blind experimentalism, grew into chemistry. Hence the priests doled out the learning of the age, and it was only a few among the powerful who could afford to get it, or to whom learning was of any use. If a man of the people undertook to get learning by stealth, he stood a good chance of being trampled under foot, of being tortured in a dungeon, or burnt alive for witchcraft. The priestly statesman and the scholarly warrior alike studied the ancient authors, and found in them inspiration and a refuge

from that vacuity of the age which the brute but irrepressible activity of the mass of mankind consumed in the necessity or, perhaps, in the amusement, of fighting. Thus Latin became the language of the Vatican, the church, and the court: every one who aspired to write a book wrote it in that language. It became the language of law, of medicine, and of jurisprudence: the broken and barbarous Latin of doctors' prescriptions and of legal procedure is yet a relic of those times. Hence a knowledge of Greek and Latin was indispensable to the education of a gentleman, or to those who formed the governing classes, and universities were established to promote it. The custom became rooted, and this particular style of education remained long after the necessity for it had passed away. Mankind, through indolence and false teaching, are too prone to cling too closely to the plans of the past, rather than to live naturally abreast with the present. There are among the human race a number of apes, bearing unmistakable traces of a Simian origin, who, having no individuality of their own, could barely live unless they aped the manners of the rich. It comes natural to them; they act after their kind. Hence, by some shallow college professors and ignorant school committees, it has been somehow considered that the particular style of education which was necessary to a statesman in the year 1500 is also necessary to a physician or a carpenter in 1870.

It was not until centuries after the modern languages had taken lasting root in Europe, and had thrown out literatures of their own, that the English universities condescended to give any instruction in modern languages. It was not until science had, in a thousand ways, practically proved its inestimable use and value to mankind, that the English universities were forced to pay some homage to it, and to give a reluctant consent to a feeble teaching of its principles. A knowledge of Latin, once deemed essential to a physician, is no longer necessary, since the successful practice of medicine depends now upon a knowledge of living science, and not upon the acquirement of dead languages. The pharmacopœia is to a very large extent the remnant of the charlatany of a barbarous age.

This blind and besotted worship of the past is still carried

out to a ludicrous extent in English universities. Mr. Lowe, a member of Parliament, happily ridiculing the overestimated value of a classical education entertained at Oxford and Cambridge, observed that there are some silly professors who would "pluck" Virgil on his own verses if he presented them in the disguise of an Oxford student.

Undoubtedly, there are some few minds, born to leisure and wealth, whose particular bent enables them to see many veins of wealth in classical studies that other men cannot, and who may be able to draw from them nutriment for modern thought and life. It is fitting that these few should study the classics, but it is not fitting to make a classical course compulsory on all who go to college. To derive any benefit from these studies, it is also essential that these few should be allowed to study the classics in their own way, being guided only occasionally by the learning and experience of those in whose judgment they feel confidence. A blind routine often kills intelligent scholarship.

Every country in Europe now writes its own literature in its own tongue, and all the classic authors have been ably translated into English, French, and German, and many of them into other modern languages. The sciences and the writings of modern authors afford ample food for the mind without going back to the writers of antiquity.

No well-informed man questions for a moment the simple majesty, exuberant imagery, and depth of thought to be found in the leading classical authors; but the manner in which Greek and Latin are generally taught rather tends to conceal these merits from the pupil than to discover them to him. Greek and Latin are taught more frequently because it is the fashion to have what is termed a classical education, than for the sake of the real value they contain. In the high school a ridiculous smattering is imparted, which is forgotten as soon as the pupil leaves school. The writer would appeal to every one who in his youth could scan and construe Homer and Virgil whether this attempt to forget is not almost universally crowned with complete success. The reason is, that a so-called classical education is essentially an education of cramming.

"Language," says Milton, "is but the instrument conveying

to us things useful to be known. And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet, if he have not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only."

Now Milton was one of the best classical scholars and linguists that ever lived, and hence his opinions are all important on this point. He then proceeds to say :—

" Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful ; *first, we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year.* And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind is our time lost, partly in too oft idle vacancies given both to schools and universities, partly in a preposterous exactation, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, *verses*, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of a head filled by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit. Besides the ill habit which they get of wretched barbarizing against the Latin and Greek idiom, with their untutored Anglicisms, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well-continued and judicious conversing among pure authors digested, which they scarce taste. Whereas, if, after some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory, they were led to the *praxis* thereot in some chosen short book lessoned thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things and arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power. This I take to be the most rational and most profitable way of learning languages, and thereby we may best hope to give account to God of our youth spent herein."

Much nonsense is talked about a knowledge of Greek and Latin being essential to every one who wishes to master English composition. A knowledge of these languages often enables one to perceive the precise force and meaning of many an English word ; but that it is essential in order to write good English is untrue. Burns, Shakespeare, and many eminent

modern authors have written the best of English, who never knew a syllable of either Latin or Greek ; while many a dreamy college professor, whose dead-alive knowledge of these languages is all he knows, cannot even write a moderately decent newspaper article,—cannot, in fact, equal the style of an average Boston reporter ; and all men, of the most moderate culture, who have to undergo the painful necessity of reading the Boston papers, knows that that is bad enough. Burns's answer to the sneers of his collegiate critics is well known :—

“What's all the jargo ! of your schols,—
 Your Latin names for horns and stools ?
 If honest nature ma le you fools,
 What sairs your grammars ?
 You had better ta'en up spades and shools,
 And knappin' h u mers.

“A set of dull, conceited hashes
 Confuse their brains in college classes :
 They gang in stirk's and come out asses,—
 Plain truth to s j e a k ;
 And syne they think to climb Panassus
 By dint o' Greek.

“Gie me a spark of nature's fire —
 That's all the learni. q I desire ;
 Then, though I drud'ge through mud and mire,
 At plow or cart,
 My muse, though h u mely in attire,
 May touch the heart !”

The idiomatic construction of the English language differs essentially from the idiomatic construction of Greek or Latin ; and he who wishes to excel as an English writer must trust to his own inspiration, to his love of truth, and to a judicious study of the best English authors, rather than to the pages of Homer, Virgil, etc. With reference to the decline in the value of a classical education, Macaulay, an admirable authority, writes as follows :—

“In the time of Henry VIII. an l Edward VI., a person who did not read Greek and Latin could read nothing, or next to nothing. The Italian was the only modern language which possessed anything that

could be called a literature. All the valuable books then extant in all the vernacular dialects of Europe would hardly have filled a single shelf. England did not yet possess Shakespeare's plays and the Fairy Queen, nor France Montaigne's Essays, nor Spain Don Quixote. In looking round a well-furnished library, how many English or French books can we find which were extant when Lady Jane Grey and Queen Elizabeth received their education? Chaucer, Gower, Froissart, Comines, Rabelais, nearly complete the list. It was therefore absolutely necessary that a person should be uneducated, or classically educated. Indeed, without a knowledge of one of the ancient languages, no person could then have any clear notion of what was passing in the political, the literary, or the religious world. The Latin was, in the sixteenth century, all and more than all that the French was in the eighteenth. It was the language of courts as well as of the schools. It was the language of diplomacy; it was the language of theological and political controversy. Being a fixed language, while the living languages were in a state of fluctuation, and being universally known to the learned and the polite, it was employed by almost every writer who aspired to a wide and durable reputation. A person who was ignorant of it was shut out from all acquaintance, not merely with Cicero and Virgil, not merely with heavy treatises on canon-law and school-divinity, but with the most interesting memoirs, state papers, and pamphlets of his own time, nay, even with the most admired poetry and the most popular squibs which appeared on the fleeting topics of the day, with Buchanan's complimentary verses, with Erasmus's dialogues, with Hutten's epistles.

"This is no longer the case. All political and religious controversy is now conducted in the modern languages. The ancient tongues are used only in comments on the ancient writers. The great productions of Athenian and Roman genius are indeed still what they were. But though their positive value is unchanged, their relative value, when compared with the whole mass of mental wealth possessed by mankind, has been constantly falling. They were the intellectual all of our ancestors. They are but a part of our treasures. Over what tragedy could Lady Jane Grey have wept, over what comedy could she have smiled, if the ancient dramatists had not been in her library? A modern reader can make shift without *Oedipus* and *Medes* while he possesses *Othello* and *Hamlet*. If he knows nothing of *Pyrgoplynices* and *Thraso*, he is familiar with *Bobadil*, and *Bessus*, and *Pistol*, and *Parolles*. If he cannot enjoy the delicious irony of *Plato*, he may find some compensation in that of *Pascal*. If he is shut out from *Nephelococcy-*

gia, he may take refuge in Lilliput. We are guilty, we hope, of no irreverence towards those great nations to which the human race owes art, science, taste; civil and intellectual freedom, when we say, that the stock bequeathed by them to us has been so carefully improved that the accumulated interest now exceeds the principal. We believe that the books which have been written in the languages of Western Europe, during the last two hundred and fifty years,—translations from the ancient languages of course included,—are of greater value than all the books which at the beginning of that period were extant in the world."

In connection with the subject of education, Milton, in his forcible style, points out the errors and fruits "of misspending our puny youth at the schools and universities as we do, either in learning mere words, or such things as were better unlearned." He then conducts his readers "to a hillside," where he points out "the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming." He further characteristically adds, "I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubs from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to *hale and drag our choicest and hopefulllest wits to that asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles* which is commonly set before them as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docile age."

In criticizing the general system of education prevalent in his day he makes the following remarks which are to a great extent still applicable:—

"And for the usual method of teaching arts, I deem it to be an old error of universities not yet well recovered from the scholastic grossness of barbarous ages, that, instead of beginning with arts most easy (and those be such as are most obvious to the sense), they present their young unmatriculated novices, at first coming, with the most intellective abstractions of logic and metaphysics; so that, they having but newly left those grammatic flats and shallows, where they stuck unreasonably to learn a few words with lamentable construction, and now on the sudden transported under another climate, to be tossed and turmoiled

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with their unballasted wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of controversy, do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of learning, mocked and deluded all this while with ragged notions and babblements while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge."

Milton is not the only author of eminence who has expressed these radical views in regard to education. John Locke, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, and Thackeray have expressed similar views, all of which apply to a large extent to certain fallacies endorsed in the American system of instruction. Sir E. L. Bulwer writes as follows:—

"The intention of general education is to form the many and not the few ; if the many are ignorant, it is in vain that you assert that the few are wise. We are not to be told of the few great men who have been distinguished as senators, or as authors, and who have been educated at public schools. We have even, supposing their wisdom originated in your system, a right to consider them as exceptions, and not as examples. But how much vainer is it to recite the names of these honored few when it is far more than doubtful whether they owed *anything* to your scholastic instruction ; when it is more than doubtful whether their talents did not rise in *spite* of your education, and *not because* of it ; whether their manhood was illustrious, not because their genius was formed by the studies of youth, but because it could not be crushed by them. All professions and all ranks have their Shakespeare and their Burns, men who are superior to the adverse influences by which inferior intellects are chilled into inaction. And this supposition is rendered far more probable when we find how few of these *few* were noted *at school* for any portion of the mental power they afterwards developed ; or, in other words, when we observe how much the *academic process stifled and repressed their genius*, so that if their future life had been (as more or less ought to be the aim of scholars), a continuation of the same pursuits and objects as those which were presented to their youth, they would actually have lived without developing their genius, and died without obtaining a name. But chance is more merciful than men's systems, and the *eternal task of nature is that of counter-acting our efforts to deteriorate ourselves*."

These extracts need no further comment. We commend them to the careful consideration of the authorities of our colleges and schools, and to the good sense of the public.

GEORGE F. WALKER.

LUCY KINGMAN.

FEW will ever know what a loss has been sustained in the recent, too early death of Miss Kingman, who breathed her last, at the age of thirty, in Salem, on the thirty-first of January. Two continents were moved to render funeral honors to the remains of George Peabody, while she, who was herself the gold she gave, passed away silently, to have no public memorial. But some are celebrated on this side the grave, and some, let us be permitted to imagine, await their fitting celebration beyond. Let the glorified have their privilege: we seek not to dispute it, but cannot deny ourselves the solace of bearing our humbler testimony to a worth which it was a perpetual instruction to know.

Unfortunately, Miss Kingman has left behind, of all that she wrote, only her letters to her friends, and two poems which had escaped into print. She was for years engaged in making notes and sketches preparatory to a considerable work, the nature of which her peculiar reticence left undivulged. During her illness, however, she put all her manuscripts into the fire,—determined, it may be supposed, to keep her thought whole until it could be uttered completely. This was in her view only a postponement. She regarded death as little more than a gate that we walk through, leaving a cloak behind. Her interests, sentiments, purposes were, she thought, to be much the same after it as before. And in her it was natural and beautiful to think so. It is difficult to conceive of any change for the better which she could undergo. Her life was itself ideal reality. A large, firmly-made woman, of practical ability, self-helpful and helpful to others, she was the most unworldly of human beings, and scarcely seemed to touch the earth. After years of acquaintance, we testify that we have never seen the moment when she did not seem superior; never have seen in her the trace, nor momentary indication, of anything ignoble or small,—any jealousy, envy, egotism, intolerance. She was all and always of a piece, and in

everything noble. When she came, it was as if a star entered the house. But the light was like that of a planet, not twinkling, but round, calm, and constant.

She was a natural mystic, but at the same time simple, genuine, thoroughly human, with no airs. A wit, who once sat opposite her at table, diverted himself and his friends afterwards with an account of the way in which she looked at him while conversing. "She seemed to be looking into futurity," he said, "or to some point quite beyond the natural horizon: she could not condescend to look merely at me!" Probably she was looking beyond him as he was at the moment—we have little doubt of it. But the wit was much more than a wit, and came to know her better; while some of his work (he was a man of letters) subsequently gave her great delight. But she had a profound feeling for character, and was doubtless studying the man; while, engaged after his wont in brisk sally and repartee, he felt some disappointment that she did not seem fully occupied with the conversation. Being once in a coach with an acquaintance, she asked his estimate of one or two writers. He gave it somewhat in full. At the time she simply listened without reply, but long afterwards, when the acquaintances had become friends, referred to it with interest, saying, "I saw then that you had an eye to character, considering what a man says and does with reference to what the man himself is." Her letters to her intimate friends contained frequent brief, graphic sketches and studies of character, always from subjects quite withdrawn from the public gaze, often from very humble ones. A mystic she was, but always with this clear human interest, and with much definiteness of mind. She had a touch of humor, too, and her laugh, though far from boisterous, was very genuine and joyous.

In person she was uncommonly beautiful. Her face was one, it is not too much to say, that beamed with a divine spirit; and it expressed the character of her mind,—one in which "sweetness and light" were wonderfully united. Seldom was ever an intelligence so penetrating equally devoid of all biting quality. The comic she enjoyed heartily, but with satire had never a moment's sympathy.

This grace of sweetness concealed her strength, especially as

it was joined with a silent and reticent habit, which itself sat upon her so gracefully and naturally that one might not think of it as peculiar. In general conversation she did not shine particularly,—in great part because she was quite incapable of an ambition to shine. Besides, she had a fine, retiring modesty, and also had, to a rare degree, the faculty of finding an occupation in listening and observing. Her manners were marked by a beautiful composure and serenity, mingled with unconscious, sweet reserve. It was noticed that very shy persons were instantly at ease with her, and won to free expression. The hapless unbosomed to her, scarcely asking themselves why, it seemed so natural to do so. Her heart was great, her resources more than any one has taken the measure of; and those who knew her best felt, as they have seldom felt respecting another, that her spirit struck deep root into the Infinite. "The noblest woman I have ever known," said one who had known many.

Miss Kingman was interested to a degree in the *literature* of modern Spiritualism. Once she brought us a book, "The Summer Land," or some such another (we have forgotten what it was), which, to her disappointment, we found it quite impossible to read: but she took her disappointment with the inimitable, cloudless composure that was characteristic of her. Perhaps the charm of those books was the cheerful manner in which death was represented in them. For to her death was no skeleton. "When the physicians told me that I had pulmonary consumption," so she wrote to a friend, "my first feeling was one of vast exhilaration, as if new worlds were opening to me." Only afterwards did she undertake as a *duty* the endeavor to live.

This brief and insufficient tribute is offered jointly by the members of a household which she sometimes blessed and adorned with her presence. To us her memory is a priceless gem that shines but the more when a tear falls upon it.

The following poem from her pen, reprinted from the "Atlantic Monthly," will give some hint of her powers. We mistake if it does not show that "the vision and the faculty divine"—not character only, but genius, also—were hers.

WE SHALL RISE AGAIN.

We know the spirit shall not taste of death :

Earth bids her elements,

“ Turn, turn again to me ! ”

But to the soul, unto the soul, she saith,

“ Flee, alien, flee ! ”

And circumstance of matter what doth weigh ?

Oh ! not the height and depth of this to know

But reachings of that grosser element,

Which, entered in and clinging to it so,

With earthier earthliness than dwells in clay,

Can drag the spirit down, that, looking up,

Sees, through surrounding shades of death and time,

With solemn wonder, and with new-born hope,

The dawning glories of its native clime ;

And inly swell such mighty floods of love,

Unutterable longing and desire,

For that celestial, blessed home above,

The soul springs upward like the mountain fire,

Up, through the lessening shadows on its way,

While, in its raptured vision, grows more clear

The calm, the high, illimitable day

To which it draws more near and yet more near.

Draws near ? Alas ! its brief, its waning strength

Upward no more the fetters' weight can bear :

It falters, — pauses, — sinks ; and, sunk at length,

Plucks at its chain in frenzy and despair.

Not forever fallen ! Not in eternal prison !

No ! hell with fire of pain

Melteth apart its chain ;

Heaven doth once more constrain :

It hath arisen !

And never, never again, thus to fall low ?

Ah, no !

Terror, Remorse, and Woe,
Vainly they pierced it through with many sorrows ;

Hell shall regain it, — thousand times regain it ;

But can detain it

Only awhile from ruthful Heaven's to-morrows.

That sin is suffering,

It knows, — it knows this thing ;

And yet it courts the sting

That deeply pains it ;

It knows that in the cup

The sweet is but a sup,

That Sorrow fills it up,

And who drinks drains

It knows ; who runs may read.
But when the fetters dazzle, heaven's ar joy seems dim ;

And 'tis not life but so to be inwound.
 A little while, and then—behold it bleed
 With madness of its throes to be unbound !

It knows. But when the sudden stress
 Of passion is resistlessness,
 It drags the flood that sweeps away,
 For anchorage, or hold, or stay,
 Or saving rock of stableness,
 And there is none, —
 No underlying fixedness to fasten on :
 Unsound depths ; unsteadfast seas ;
 Wavering, yielding, bottomless depths :
 But these !

Yea, sometimes seemeth gone
 The Everlasting Arm we lean upon !

So blind, as well as maimed and halt and lame,
 What sometimes makes it see ?
 Oppressed with guilt and gnawed upon of shame,
 What comes upon it so,
 Faster and faster stealing,
 Flooding it like an air or sea
 Of warm and golden feeling ?
 What makes it melt,
 Dissolving from the earthiness that made it hard and heavy ?
 What makes it melt and flow,
 And melt and melt and flow,—
 Till light, clear-shining through its heart of dew,
 Makes all things new ?

Loosed from the spirit of infirmity, listen its cry.
 "Was it I that longed for oblivion,
 O wonderful love ! was it I,
 That deep it its easeful water
 My wounded soul might lie ?
 That over the wounds and anguish
 The easeful flood might roll ?
 A river of loving-kindness
 Has healed and hidden the whole.
 Lo ! in its pitiful bosom
 Vanish the sins of my youth, —
 Error and shame and backslding
 Lost in celestial ruth.

"O grace too great !
 O excellency of my new estate !

"No more, for the friends that love me,
 I shall veil my face or grieve
 Because love outrunneth deserving ;
 I shall be as they believe,
 And I shall be strong to help them,
 Filled of Thy fullness with stores
 Of comfort and hope and compassion.
 Oh, upon all my shôres,

The Radical.

With the waters with which Thou dost flood me,
 Bid me, my Father, o'erflow !
 Who can taste Thy divineness,
 Nor hunger and thirst to bestow ?
 Send me, oh, send me !
 The wanderers let me bring !
 The thirsty let me show
 Where the rivers of gladness spring,
 And fountains of mercy flow !
 How in the hill shall they sit and sing,
 With valleys of peace below ! ”

Oh that the keys of our hearts the angels would bear in their bosoms !
 For revelation fades and fades away,
 Dream-like becomes, and dim, and far-withdrawn ;
 And evening comes to find the soul a prey,
 That was caught up to visions at the dawn ;
 Sword of the spirit,— still it sheathes in rust,
 And lips of prophecy are sealed with dust.

High lies the better country,
 The land of morning and perpetual spring ;
 But graciously the warden
 Over its mountain-border
 Leans to us, beckoning,— bids us, “ Come up hither ! ”
 And though we climb with step unfixed and slow,
 From visioning heights of hope we look off thither,
 And we must go.

And we shall go ! And we shall go !
 We shall not always weep and wander so,—
 Not always in vain,
 By merciful pain,
 Be upcast from the hell we seek again !
 How shall we,

Whom the stars draw so, and the uplifting sea ?
 Answer, thou Secret Heart ? how shall it be,
 With all His infinite promising in thee ?

Beloved ! beloved ! not cloud and fire alone
 From bondage and the wilderness restore
 And guide the wandering spirit to its own ;
 But all His elements, they go before :
 Upon its way the seasons bring,
 And hearten with foreshadowing
 The resurrection-wonder,
 What lands of death awake to sing
 And germs of hope swell under ;
 And full and fine, and full and fine,
 The day distills life's golden wine ;
 And night is Palace Beautiful, peace-chambered.
 All things are ours ; and life fills up of them
 Such measure as we hold.
 For ours beyond the gate,
 The deep things, the untold,
 We only wait.

LETTERS OF PLATO.*

I HAVE heard from Archedemus that you think that not only I ought to keep quiet myself, but my familiar friends likewise, on matters relating to yourself, and neither do nor say anything to your disparagement ; but that you make an exception in the case of Dion. Now this assertion, that Dion is to be excepted, signifies that I have no power over my connections. For if I had a power as well over others as you and Dion, a greater good would be the result both to all of you and the rest of the Greeks, as I assert. But now I am great through rendering myself a follower of the dictates of my reason.

Intellect and great power naturally tend to the same ; and these two always pursue and seek after and unite with each other.

Now all these things I mention as being willing to show that men will not be silent respecting us when we are dead ; so that we ought to pay an attention to them. For we must, as it seems, pay some regard even to the time to come ; especially since it happens that the most slave-like persons do by a kind of nature neglect it entirely ; but persons of a more elegant mind do everything that they may be spoken well of hereafter. And this I consider an argument that the dead have a certain perception of things here. For the most excellent minds divine that this is so, but the most depraved deny it. Now the divinations of godlike men are of greater weight than of those who are not so.

As regards the King of all, all things are his, and all are for his sake, and he is the cause of all that is beautiful. But about a second are the secondary things ; and about a third, the third. Now the soul of man is eager to learn respecting these things of what kind they are, looking to what is allied to itself, none of which it possesses sufficiently.

You have therefore done well in having sent Archedemus ; and

* There is some question among critics in regard to the authenticity of the Letters of the great Plato ; but there can be none respecting the intrinsic value of what they contain. If a thing be of worth, of what consequence is the name ? THE RADICAL is not a follower of *nouns*, but *verbs*. As these Letters are little known or read, we have thought some extracts from them might be acceptable to our readers.

hereafter, when he shall have reached you, and told you my message, other doubts will perhaps lay hold of you. If then you take counsel of yourself properly, you will send Archedemus to me again ; and he, like a traveling trader, will return again to you. And if you do this twice or thrice, and test sufficiently what is sent from me, I shall wonder if your former doubts be not very different from what they are now. Act then thus boldly ; for neither will you send, nor Archedemus act the part of a traveling trader, in a manner more beautiful or more acceptable to the Deity, than by a trading of this kind. Be careful, however, that these things do not fall peradventure among men devoid of instruction ; for, as it appears to me, there are scarcely any doctrines which will appear more ridiculous to the multitude than these, nor, on the other hand, any more wonderful, and producing a greater enthusiasm in those who are well disposed. But when they are often mentioned, and continually heard, and this for many years, they are scarcely at length, and with great labor, purified like gold.—*Plato to Dionysius. Epistle II.*

I think that my readiness with respect to events as they occur is apparent at all times, and that I give much serious attention to their being brought to pass for the sake of nothing else rather than a love of honor in the case of things honorable. For I consider it just that they, who are in good truth worthy men, and who act in this manner, should obtain the renown due to them.

Bear in mind that you seem to some less attentive than is fitting. Let it not escape you therefore, that, by pleasing men, it is possible to accomplish something ; but that austerity has its dwelling in a desert. May good fortune be thine.—*Plato to Dion. Epistle IV.*

There is a voice from each form of polity as it were from certain animals ; one from democracy, another from an oligarchy, and another again from a monarchy. Very many persons assert that they understand these voices. But, except a few, they are very far from understanding them. Whichever then of these polities speaks with its own voice both to gods and men, and produces actions correspondent to its voice, it flourishes ever and is preserved ; but when it imitates another voice, it is destroyed. But if any one hearing this should say, Plato, as it seems, professed indeed to know what is conducive to a democracy ; but though he might have spoken amongst the people, and given them the best advice, yet he never got up and addressed them,—

to this it may be said, that Plato was born late in his paternal land, and that he came amongst a people already grown rather old, and accustomed by those prior to him to do many things contrary to his advice; for he would have consulted most willingly for its good, as for that of his own father, had he not thought he should vainly expose himself to danger.—*Plato to Perdiccas. Epistle V.*

It appears to me that some God has kindly and abundantly procured for you good fortune, if you will only receive it properly. For you live neighbors to each other, and have need to benefit each other in the greatest degree. To Hermias I say that neither a multitude of horses, nor of any other alliance for war, nor gold in possession, would be of greater power for every emergency than friends who are firm and possess a sound moral conduct. But to Erastus and Coriscus I say, although I am an old man, that besides the beautiful wisdom relating to species, there is a need of that wisdom which possesses a guardian and defensive power against the base and unjust; for they are inexperienced, having passed much of their life with us who are men of moderation and without guile. It is requisite for you to read this letter all three together; but if not, two in common, as often as you can, and to make a compact, swearing by the god who is the ruler of all things present and future, and by the father and lord of the ruler and cause, whom, if we philosophize truly, we shall all clearly know as far as it is possible for men under a good genius.—*Plato to Hermias, Erastus, and Coriscus. Epistle VI.*

I was therefore compelled to say, in praise of true philosophy, that through it we are enabled to perceive all that is just as regards the state and individuals, and hence that the human race will never cease from ills, until the race of those who philosophize correctly and truthfully shall come to political power, or persons of power in states shall, by a certain divine allotment, philosophize really.*

It is a thing altogether correct and honorable for him who aspires after things the most honorable, both for himself and his country, to suffer whatever he may suffer; for not one of us is naturally immortal: nor, if this should happen to any one would he become happy, as it seems he would to the multitude. For in things inanimate there is nothing either good or evil worthy of mention; but good or ill will happen to each

* See “The Republic” for a complete extension of this doctrine.

soul, either existing with the body or separated from it. But it is ever requisite to trust really to the sacred accounts of the olden time which inform us that the soul is immortal, and has judges of its conduct, and suffers the greatest punishments when it is liberated from the body. Hence it is requisite to think it is a lesser evil to suffer than to do the greatest sins and injuries. This, indeed, the man who is fond of money and poor in soul does not hear ; and, should he hear, he laughs it down, as he imagines, and impudently snatches from all sides whatever he thinks he can, like a wild beast, eat or drink, or can contribute aught to the miscalled pleasure of sexual intercourse, at once servile and graceless. Being blind, he is not able to see how great an evil, ever united to each act of wrong, follows the never satisfied desires, which it is necessary for him, who has acted unjustly, to drag along with himself, both while he is moving about the earth, and when he takes, under the earth, a journey without honor, and thoroughly miserable in every way.

In his dominions (those of Dionysius) had philosophy and power existed really, as it were in the same dwelling, they would have set up among all men, both Greek and barbarians, an opinion not vainly shining and in every respect the true one, that neither a state nor a man can ever be happy unless by leading a life with prudence in subjection to justice.

When I arrived, I thought I ought first to obtain some proof whether Dionysius was in reality touched by philosophy, as by a fire, or whether this great report had come to Athens in vain. Now there is a certain method of making an experiment upon matters of this kind, by no means ignoble, but truly adapted to tyrants, and especially to such as are full of incorrect notions, which, as soon as I arrived, I perceived was very much the case with Dionysius. To such it is requisite to show what philosophy is, and of what kind, and through how great deeds, how great a labor it demands. For he who hears this, if he is truly a lover of wisdom, and related to it, and worthy of it, as being a divine person, thinks he has heard of some wonderful road, and that he ought forthwith to betake himself to it, and that life is not to be endured by him who acts otherwise. After this he does not, putting both himself and his leader on the stretch, give up the road until he puts a finish upon all things, or obtains a power so as to be able to conduct himself without a person to show the road. In this way, and with these thoughts, does such a person live, acting correctly in whatever transactions he may be engaged, but before all things perpetually keeping close to philosophy, and making use of that food for the day

which may especially render him quick to learn, and of a good memory, and able to reason in himself, by abstaining from wine. But they who are not lovers of wisdom in reality, but have a coating of color in their opinions, like those whose bodies are sunburnt, when they perceive how many things are to be learnt, and how great is the labor, and what temperance in daily food is requisite for that thing, they deem it too difficult and beyond their powers, and become unable to attend to it at all. But some of them persuade themselves that they have sufficiently heard the whole and want no further exertions.

Thus much, however, I can say about all, who either have written, or shall write, and state that they know about what things I am occupied, whether they have heard from myself or others, or have discovered themselves, that it is not possible for them to know anything according to my opinions upon the matter; for there is not, and never will be, any composition of mine about them. For a matter of that kind cannot be expressed in words, like other things to be learned; but by a long intercourse with the subject, and living with it, a light is kindled on a sudden, as if from a leaping fire, and being engendered in the soul, feeds itself upon itself. Thus much I know, however, that what has been written or said by me has been said in the best manner, and moreover that what has been written badly does not pain me in the least. But if it had appeared to me that such matters could be written or spoken of sufficiently before the masses, what could have been done by us more beautiful in life than to impart a great benefit to mankind, and to bring nature to light before all? I think, however, the attempt would not be beneficial, except to a few, who are able, with a little showing, to make discoveries for themselves. But of the rest, some it will fill not correctly with a contempt by no means in reason, and others with a lofty and vain hope, as if they had learned something solemn. And it has now come into my mind to say something further still. For perhaps by what I am about to say, a portion of what has been said will become more clear. For a certain true account is the antagonist of him who dares to write anything whatever about matters of this kind; and which, although it has been stated by me frequently before, seems it must be stated at present likewise. There are three things belonging to each of these, through which it is necessary for science to be produced. But the fourth is science itself. And as to the fifth, it is requisite to establish that which is known and true. Of these, one is its name; the second, its definition; the third, its resemblance; the fourth, its science. Now if you are desirous of understanding what has just been asserted respecting one example, take it,

and imagine thus respecting all. A circle is called something to which there is the name just mentioned. Its definition is the second thing. For that which is everywhere equally distant from the extremes to the middle would be the definition of that whose name is a round and a circumference and a circle. But the third is the circle, painted or blotted out and made by a turner's wheel or destroyed. By none of which accidents is the circle itself, of which all these properties are predicated, affected, as being of a different nature. But the fourth is science and intellect, and a correct opinion about them. And the whole of this again must be laid down as one thing, which exists not in voice, nor in a corporeal figure, but is in the soul ; by which circumstance it is manifest that there is something different from the nature itself of the circle, and the three previously mentioned. But among the number of these, intellect, by its relation and similitude, approaches the nearest to the fifth, while the rest are more remote. The same is the case with respect to a thing straight and circular, and with figure and with colors, and of a thing good and beautiful and just, and of every body, both fashioned by the hand, and produced according to nature, and of fire and water, and of all things of that kind, and of every animal, and of the habit in souls, and of all actions and passions. For unless a person does after a certain manner understand of these things all the four, he will never perfectly participate in the science relating to the fifth. Moreover, these four no less endeavor to show forth the quality, as respects each thing, than the being of each, through the want of power in words. On this account, no one, possessing a mind, will ever dare to place under the same view, and this, too, never to be changed, the objects which are perceived by the mind, and those that are represented by figures, which is the case with those four. But what is of the greater moment is, that since there are, as I have stated before, two things, being and quality, when the soul seeks to know, not the quality of a thing, but what it is, unless correctly discussed by the reason, it fills every man, so to say, with all doubt and uncertainty. In one word, neither docility in learning nor memory is of any avail to a person who is not naturally constituted for their apprehension. So that neither they who are not naturally close to, and allied with what is just and the other things that are beautiful, but are docile and of a good memory, some with respect to some things, and others to others, nor they who are allied, but are indocile and of bad memory, will ever learn the truth relating to virtue and vice. On this account let every careful man be very far from writing about things truly worthy of care, lest at some time, by writing amongst men, he

throw himself into wrong and difficulties. But, in one word, it is requisite to know from hence, when any one sees the writings of another, either of a legislator upon laws, or of any person whatever upon other subjects, that these are not those on which he has been the most careful, if he is himself a careful person ; but that the objects of his pursuit are situated somewhere in a country the most beautiful.

— *Plato to the Kindred and Friends of Dion. Epistle VII.*

But what now presents itself to me, I will, with all freedom of speech, and making use of a mediatory and just discourse, endeavor to point out. I declare then, speaking in the manner of an arbitrator to two persons, one ruling over and the other ruled by a tyrant, my old advice as if given to each singly. And now my advice would be for every tyrant to fly from the name and the thing itself, and to change his power as a tyrant, if possible, into that of a king. But those who are in the pursuit of free institutions, and are flying from a servile yoke as an evil, I would advise to be cautious lest, through an insatiable desire for unseasonable liberty, they fall at some time into the disease of their ancestors, who suffered through an excessive anarchy on account of making a bad use of their measureless love of freedom. For slavery and freedom, when excessive, are each an evil ; but when moderate, altogether a good ; for moderate is the slavery to a god, but that to a man, immoderate ; and, to temperate men, god is a law, but to the intemperate, pleasure.— *Plato to the Same. Epistle VIII.*

Archippus and Philonides have come to us, bringing with them the letter which you gave them, and relating the state of your affairs. As to what relates to yourself, they said that you bear it ill in not being able to be released from your close attention to public affairs. Now that it is indeed the most pleasant thing in life for a man to attend to his own affairs, especially if he chooses to do what you are doing, is evident to every one ; but you ought also to consider this, that each of us is not born for himself alone ; but that our country claims one part of our birth, our parents another, and our friends the remainder. Much too is given to the occasions that overtake us in life. Since, then, your country calls you to public affairs, it would perhaps be absurd not to hearken ; for at the same time, too, it happens that you leave a place for inferior men, who take the road to politics not for the best.— *Plato to Archytas of Tarentum. Epistle IX.*

I hear that you are now amongst the chief of the friends of Dion, and have been all through exhibiting a conduct the most wise in things relating to philosophy. For I assert that firmness, fidelity, and integrity is true philosophy. But for the rest, I conceive that by calling them elegant subtleties I am giving them a correct appellation.—*Plato to Aristodorus. Epistle X.*

With regard to the articles you bade me send you, I have caused to be made the Apollo,* which Leptines is bringing, by a young and clever workman. His name is Leochares. There was another work by him, very elegant as it appeared to me. I therefore purchased it, wishing to present it to your wife; because she had attended me in health and sickness in a manner worthy of you and me. I send you likewise twelve jars of sweet wine for your children, and two of honey. But I came too late for putting up the dried figs; and all the myrtles that had been put up for you have rotted. I will, however, take better care at another time. Leptines will tell you about the plants.—*Plato to Dionysius. Epistle XIII.*

JOHN ALBEE.

BITTER-SWEET.

A H, my dear angry Lord,
Since thou dost love, yet strike;
Cast down, yet help afford;
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise;
I will bewail, approve:
And all my sour-sweet days
I will lament, and love.

— *George Herbert.*

* Supposod to be the Apollo Belvidere.

VOICES OF THE NEW TIME.

TRANSLATED BY C. C. SHACKFORD.

“CAN any good come out of Nazareth?” This is always the question of the wiseacres and the knowing ones. But the good, the new, comes from exactly that quarter whence it is not looked for, and is always something different from what is expected. Everything new is received with contempt, for it begins in obscurity. It becomes a power unobserved. — *Feuerbach.*

The germ of the purely holy is present with us, but it only half discloses itself. Were the climbing plants removed which seek to stifle this germ, it would soon become a magnificent tree under whose shade it would be good to dwell. This germ is the purely human and the divinely natural, and that is the path for all social and religious strivings; to unfold it is the daily labor of this and succeeding generations, and nothing is more worthy of employing all the energies of every good man. That cannot be the true view of God and the world which, like the prevailing ecclesiasticism, builds up its kingdom on the corpse of humanity and of intelligence, and can maintain itself only by means of such a sacrifice. — *Paul Erdmann.*

Politicians think that by stopping up the chimney they can stop its smoking. They try the experiment, they drive the smoke back, and there is more smoke than ever; but they do not see that their want of common sense has increased the evil they would have prevented. — *Borne.*

There is a holy mother heresy as well as a holy mother church. The latter has baptized, confessed, pointed men to the light from age to age. The other has stirred up the heart and enkindled the spirit; has tormented, inspired, and urged onwards by its mysterious voices, always stifled and always eloquent. “From the depths I cried unto Thee,” is the eternal chant, the broken cry of heresy plunged into dungeons, buried under funeral piles, shut up in the tomb, as it is yet sealed up in the dark arcana of history. There is only one religion, and only one heresy. The official religion, the church established, has

always pursued one system: the secret religion, that ideal society of equality, which began with the preaching of Jesus, which traverses the ages of Catholicism under the name of heresy, and which strives to-day to organize itself,—that religion is the same under whatever form it may be clothed, under whatever name it may be veiled, and whatever persecution it may undergo. It is an idea, Christian in its principle, evangelic in its successive revolutions, revolutionary in its attempts, and is not a barren dispute of words, a proud interpretation of sacred texts, a suggestion of a Satanic spirit, nor a craving for vengeance, adventures, and novelty, as it has pleased the Roman Church to define it in its declarations and anathemas. — *George Sand.*

A WHITSUNTIDE DISCOURSE.

Who knows where the pulpit is, and what the name of the parish is? A preacher without a congregation and without a title discoursed as follows:—

We have come forth in the early summer-time where the grain is waving and the birds are singing, and it is ours to raise our eyes, and to look together on the wide world around us. Here are we, and here too are plants and animals and stones, the air and the stars; we see only the sun, because it has dimmed the other stars which are over our heads now as in the still night, while other suns illuminate other worlds, each revolving in its own appointed sphere. But man calls the world his which he pervades with his spirit; and man is over plants and animals and minerals, because out of him beams the sun of the eternal spirit.

I have come up here, not because I am above you, but because I am from among you, and your thoughts are my thoughts, and I proclaim, Holy is the working-day!

“What!” perhaps you cry, “will you degrade the day of rest, and take away its crown?” Far be the thought from you and from me.

I wish only to speak to you of the crowning majesty of man; and that is, labor! What is the greatest vice? Is it not covetousness? is it not passion? No: it is laziness. As man can work in his will alone, he can be idle in his will: the vain wish of the slothful is a hell, for he does nothing but wish; but the paradise of life opens to labor.

We stand here in the paradise of earthly existence, and the sky is as blue as it was on the first day of creation; the sun is as bright, the birds sing as joyfully, tree and stalk clothe themselves with as fresh a green, the waters flow as full of refreshment from the hills and through

the valleys, and we stand in the midst of paradise. And this paradise is ours by means of labor. I see, indeed, many of you smiling, and thinking to yourselves, "Your hand can't know anything of blisters, nor your forehead anything of labor's sweat! Our paradise would be where we can eat and drink, and know little of work, or, better still, nothing at all of it; but on us lies the primeval curse, and with double weight; for we cannot even eat our bread in the sweat of our brow, but must suffer the pangs of hunger! Labor is the curse of original sin, and it has been made unspeakably heavier than it was at first."

I want to reply to all this; not from myself, but from you: "What is it that makes man differ from the brute? The animal builds its habitation and seeks its nourishment; it does not prepare it, it finds it. The animal can choose no calling, but man can and must do so; the animal has no calling but to live and exhibit the manifold variety of nature's laws and operations, while man is here not merely to live, but also to produce, to leave a trace of his existence in that which proceeds from him; he directs, modifies, and furthers the natural powers everywhere around him. Man employs the forces of nature that are eternally at work; his will makes itself felt in the plowed field and the upspringing stalks of grain; and what nature creates he creates over again, and makes the animals his obedient servants. No other creature makes another his servant. And as man shapes the earth anew through his labor, so he shapes his own destiny and his own greatness. It is granted to the animal to do only what his nature urges him to do; but man does what he perceives to be right: and this is duty; and every labor that is undertaken has included within it the highest blessing of duty, for duty teaches the continuance of what has been begun, and awaits patiently to reward him who shall complete his work. And as in the individual human life from day to day, so in the whole of humanity from generation to generation, this grand sense of duty continually urges to the faithful continuance and the full completion of what has been originally begun. Thus the generations have labored before us, and on our behalf; and thus we labor for those who shall come in their turn after us. Many things are done which are not exacted, and are done merely for the sake of external advantage; but in this advantage there is contained a blessing, for only through that does the grand work advance which man and humanity have to accomplish.

The earth is the paradise of old, and every one can dwell therein.

I have been young, and now I am old; yet have I never seen that a true laborer suffered for bread: for if activity is denied him in one sphere, he chooses another, and never leaves working.

And do you know the names of the deliverers who open to each one the entrance into this earthly paradise? Their names are Courage and Culture. Incessantly to use his strength and to develop his spirit in the employment of the means of knowledge teach man to lessen the ill effects of what cannot be prevented, or to overcome them.

See the stream yonder: who has damned its course? The hand and mind of man.

Look around you; there is no wax candle so bright as the sun, no carpet so soft as the meadow, no draught so refreshing as the spring, and there on the trellises grow the gladdening vines! You stand in the midst of paradise, and the wonderful rod which works the greatest miracles is the handle on the shovel and the spade.

Receive our greeting, O bright, glad world, and ye too who share in its beauty, who create it and are receptive of its influence! Let the gladness of the day penetrate your bosoms, and render you well-pleasing to the Eternal. A blessing on labor! — *Berthold Auerbach.*

Whoever says to me, "Think as I do, or God will damn you," will soon say, "Think as I do, or I will kill you." Let us beseech God to soften these savage hearts, and inspire in all his children sentiments of brotherhood. — *Voltaire.*

Let us remove all subjects of dispute which divide nations, and let us be filled with sentiments which unite them together. Submission to God, resignation, justice, goodness, compassion, tolerance,—here are the great principles of union. Would that the theologians of the earth would live together as the merchants, who, without asking where they are born, and what customs they have been brought up in, practice among themselves the rules of honesty, justice, and mutual confidence, and by these principles become the connecting links of all nations! — *Voltaire.*

IMMORTELLES.

AH, friend ! what garland shall I bring
To thee, whose year hath lost its **spring**?
Whose heart in winter will not **beat**
Time to the music of his feet ?
Vain is regret, — your tears are **vain** :
To the great heavens who shall complain
The world is but an empty hall,
And hung the skies for funeral ?
You shall not seek him near nor far, —
Why will ye chase the morning star ?
Life moans to Death, “ **It was to be,** ”
The old complaint of the old sea.
The food on which our hearts subsist,
A something by the sunbeams kissed,
Is lost and gone like hills in mist.
A cloud blots out the world withal,
Blank space and silence, — is it all ?
But go : prepare for morrow’s turn
The robe, the **sérge**, the burial urn ;
Let flowers the little hands caress,
And scatter some upon the dress ;
And place one pale rose in your hair
To mourn the rose-bud fallen there
In that pure snow, which seems to bloom
By a clear fire in the low room,
Where stands the cross, the crucifix,
A Roman candle, and the pyx,
The “ **Heart of Jesus** ” in the room,
The chastened glory and the gloom,
The taper’s gleam in silver shrine,
The incense and the air divine,
The thoughts that come as angels shod,
Where woman is the grace of God,
The pictures which no art has made
But death, with nature’s light and **shade** :

The Radical.

Come, see — for bright things ask relief —
 How the dark cloud and misty pall
 Of silence and black funeral
 Is changed to light and glory all.
 Blest sunbeam ! missed from off the hearth
 To glorify the heaven and earth !
 What, though we shrink when Death is bold
 To test the hearts whose love is gold,
 The burning love whose intense flame
 Drives off the dross of sin and blame,
 But leaves the virgin ore to shed
 The hint of beauty round the dead, —
 Beauty, whose melting looks do pierce
 Our marble sorrow turned to tears.
 This one, so drowned in slumber deep —
 Say, is it Death, or sister Sleep ?
 It is our boy, whose image fair
 Some artist wrought from fire and air ;
 The soft outlines, and flowing clear,
 So true and beautiful appear,
 It is the same, and not the same :
 Hovers the spirit's still, pale flame,
 A constant glory in the room
 Made plain by glimpses through the gloom
 Where, like a star new fallen, dead
 Lay the still bright, soft shining head.
 The soul not seen becomes a star
 Fading in distance, blue and far :
 Not one is lost ; or, if it be,
 Lost in His immortality.

I bring you, friends, as in my power,
 These brief immortelles of an hour ;
 No mourning weeds, no drooping fern,
 No "Memory" by a "weeping" urn,
 No solemn looks, no mutes, no pall,
 "Come lovers home from that high festival."

J. S.

LONDON LETTER.

THE conflict between the old and the new, in the religious world of England, is now so earnest, the antagonists have now come to such close quarters, that the situations are sometimes not only impressive, but pathetic. At what a heavy cost does Reason climb to its throne! The story of John Stirling, and that of Arthur Clough, — both of whom were rendered the easy prey of death by their long and wearing struggles with dogma and doubt and the persuasions of loving friends from whom they had to part, — are continually repeated among the young and promising English youth. In Russia the method they have with all who doubt the dogmas of the church is to send them to Siberia; but Siberia has no cold more icy than the alienation with which orthodoxy contrives to visit those who follow the wise maxim of Whately, “Misgive that you may not mistake.” Lately there died here a young man who, when his mind began to think deeply, found himself in holy orders. He was a youth of admirable genius and culture. After much thought he concluded that he could not make up his mind to publicly announce his change of views; so he resolved to quietly slip out of the country. In America he could be free; but, alas! the long inward conflict had so told upon him that he fell at the first touch of disease. But these cases are cheerful in comparison with the inward death of those who falter and fail under the tests which the church so invariably brings to bear upon them. Church promotion is the only thing open to a young man of talent who once puts on “holy orders” — they are a shirt of Nessus. After that, though he become an atheist, the law forbids him to practice in any other profession, or to enter Parliament. The church will pay almost any price for ability, but it has no mercy for those who cast upon it the slur of desertion. Thus many slow martyrdoms go on; but these, as I have said, are cheerful compared with seeing such men as Kingsley recanting all the best things they ever said or did, or such men as Maurice hiding their light under a bushel so completely that no one can tell what they believe or disbelieve. The saddest case is that of the new Bishop of Exeter, who at last has surrendered. No triumph that the Broad Church ever obtained was at all comparable to that which selected one of the writers of the “Essays and Reviews” to a seat on the Episcopal Bench. It was a victory which the Broad Church had lived up to, and one to which they had a right by learning and ability. When he was appointed, the High Church and the Hard Church, like Herod and Pilate, joined to strike him down. It was as one of the essayists that he was appointed, sustained, and borne through all the gauntlet of angry priests and alarmed dogmatists to his seat in the sacrarium of Westminster Abbey. Never did a man bear himself more

bravely up to that moment. Then, when all his friends were singing peans over the achieved victory—the bishop trailed his flag in the dust. He authorized the announcement in convocation that in future editions of the "Essays and Reviews" his essay would not appear. The announcement, as it appeared in the public papers next day, made many a head hang in shame. There was but one opinion, even among those who would have welcomed his surrender before his consecration, and that was that he had shown a pitiable weakness. The daily papers gave such earnest utterance to the general sorrow and shame of the people, that the new bishop had to apologize. The announcement, he said, was a blunder; he had, indeed, determined to withdraw his essay, but he did not intend it should be announced at a moment when it would seem to be for the purpose of affecting certain decisions which convocation was about to make concerning him; and then he proceeded to defend the very book from which his essay was withdrawn. As the work of Frederick Temple, his essay might do good; as that of the Bishop of Exeter, it might do harm. The only feeling produced by all this was one of disgust. The withdrawal was only made weaker by the avowal that he approved of the work to his friends; and the same avowal took away all the advantage the withdrawal might have gained him from his enemies. So between the two stools he has fallen, and there are none so poor as to do him reverence.

"Blot out his name then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod."

But this miserable affair is not without its compensation. It is at last proven that it has become fatal to manhood to become a bishop. Colenso is only an exception which proves the rule. Dr. Temple had stood as many trials as Christian encountered on his way to the Celestial City; but what the slough of Episcopal prayers, the darts of priestly Apollyons, and all threats of Pope and Pagan could not do, was done by the first touch of Episcopal silk that touched him. Like the sword of Saladin, his weapon cut through iron bars, but failed when it came to gauze.

There is no doubt that the bishops who were aggrieved by the appointment of the essayist will manipulate him further; and unless from this time he pursues a reactionary course they will make his bishopric far from being that "good thing" which Paul thought it. Dull as they are in other things, the bishops have still an ingenuity and talent for making a heretic uncomfortable which is hereditary and wonderful. When Colenso was in London he was more of an exile from the society to which he had been accustomed than he had been among the Zulus. He had to depend upon Miss Cobbe, the Lyells, and other radicals, for his religious conversation. And unless "F. Exon" now falls into the old line, he will be made as miserable as possible. So, in the course of time, we may look either for a resignation, or to see him, after the manner of rebellious Saulsbury, —

"Like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving his rankness and irregular course
To stoop within those bounds he has o'erleaped,
And calmly run on in obedience."

The liberal thinkers will, however, become increasingly indifferent to the fate of the Exeter bishop. He has his reward. More sympathy is already felt for the Rev. Mr. Voysey. Here is a young man, who has long been working hard in a small country parish. He has a family, consisting of a wife and several children; he is in weak health; and his living amounts to just five hundred DOLLARS (£100) per annum! He discovered, a year or so ago, that he was an unbeliever in original sin, Trinity, infallibility of the Bible, and miracles. Yet, loving the church and his associations with it,—loving his congregation and beloved by it,—he was reluctant to resign his position, notwithstanding the ease with which he might have secured a much more lucrative one among the Unitarians. He was one of those clergymen whom the English Church has trained to think that it is a national church, and can hold out its motherly arms for all kinds of minds and opinions. He has honestly adopted that theory, as have also Stanley, Colenso, Jowett, Tom Hughes, and others. He published some discourses containing his new views. They were published by Thomas Scott of Ramsgate,—a very remarkable man, who was once a teacher in the family of Aaron Burr, and who now devotes his means to the circulation of liberal literature,—and naturally produced a great sensation. Proceedings were instituted against him by the Archbishop of York. But there is nothing that the Evangelical party so much dread as an ecclesiastical trial. The state is so much more liberal than the church, that the trials generally go in favor of the liberals; and the evangelical party never received such heavy blows as by the decisions in the cases of Colenso and the "Essays and Reviews." Immediately, therefore, powerful influences were brought to bear upon Mr. Voysey to induce him to forestall a trial by resignation. This, however, he declined to do, and the first stage of the trial came on. There it was shown that the final adjudication must go against him. Strange to say, the one point which he was unable to get over was his denial of original depravity. Decisions could be quoted, to show that any theory about the Trinity, the Bible, or the miracles may be sheltered under the vague Thirty-nine Articles; but the doctrine of native depravity, combined with its special denunciation of Pelagians, is too clear to be set aside. On this rock Mr. Voysey's very able defense split. However, the case was passed on to a higher court. But meanwhile the rationalistic party in the church became alarmed. There is not one of them that does not scorn the dogma of original sin; and yet they saw that a decision against Mr. Voysey, on that particular point, would saddle them afresh with that wretched superstition. Alarmed at the idea that the church should declare that all its ministers believed every child to be a child of Satan, the rationalists—not very nobly—began to unite with the evangelicals in trying to induce Voysey not to go to trial, but to resign. But now

comes the maximum of Christian meanness. Determined to get rid of Voysey, but anxious to avoid a trial, the churchmen resolved to starve the young clergyman out. By a technicality they have succeeded in postponing the trial until the autumn; and meanwhile the Archbishop of York has authoritatively suspended Mr. Voysey from his labors. So, at present, this poor young clergyman is compelled to pay every Sunday for the supply of his pulpit, himself remaining idle! This must continue until the fall. Under the circumstances the temptation to resign is very strong. If Mr. Voysey should now come to London, and set up an independent church, no preacher would have a larger congregation or a better hearing. He came here recently and consulted with many liberals on the subject. But he has finally determined to compel the church to show its hand. If the church, in the face of this age, intends to take up the position that each clergyman shall be held to believe the dogma of depravity, the world has a right to know it. What we want is truth. So Mr. Voysey and his family, poor as they are, have resolved to force the church to declare itself in the matter. The effect will be undoubtedly very great. Money has already been collected—Dean Stanley, Prof. Jowett, and others contributing—to defend Mr. Voysey before the courts, and it is probable that more will be collected to support him in the interval when he is thrown out of work, for we are all parties with him to this case. Meanwhile, the latest lesson in ecclesiastical charity, which compels a poor clergyman to remain idle and give his salary to another preacher, will not be lost. Some years ago the Rev. F. D. Maurice, commenting before a Bible-class on the story of Jacob's fraud against Esau, said, "Finally, there is one thing which I feel it my duty to say. The case of Jacob is but one more illustration of the fact that the spiritual man has too frequently been found to be a rogue and a sneak." The story has been remembered since the Voysey case came before the public.

But all these things are but signs that the old Christian edifice in England is crumbling. The new religion has kindled its star in the sky, and the shepherds are "sore afraid" that religion is science. Last Saturday Prof. Max Müller began a series of lectures at the Royal Institution on "The Science of Religion." The very phrase is scandalous enough; but that such a subject should be treated in the Royal Institution, a state-endowed institution, from which all questions of politics or religion have hitherto been rigorously excluded, is one of the most significant signs of our strange times. Prince Teck was in the chair; by his side was Dean Stanley. The lecture was inexpressibly powerful. He began by saying that he anticipated that what he should have to say would raise some antagonism in the breasts of those whose religious prejudices may be strong, but he felt certain that he would have a good hearing. Religion was a most sacred subject, and he should treat it accordingly. All higher knowledge is gained by comparison, and particularly so, a better knowledge of religion. It may be that in the comparative system, as applied to religion, things may have to be inquired into which we should not care about any civilized nation believing; but we must bear in mind that,

for the decency of truth, there is nothing so good as the study of error. It has been remarked that he who knows only one language knows none,—that is, that he does not know properly the original of the language, and the causes of its existence. It is the same with religion. Man possesses a particular faculty for religion, which raises him above all other living things created. That faculty is independent of sense and feeling, and superior to them. It is a faculty of apprehending the infinite. The science of religion may be divided into two parts,—comparative theology and theoretic theology. It is strange that comparative theology has never, as yet, been properly investigated. It is a most interesting and instructive study, and the materials which now exist for its prosecution are very large and useful, in comparison with the facilities afforded for the study of the subject in former years. The great spread of the knowledge of languages, particularly Oriental, and the vast accumulation of good translations of books on the religious beliefs of all countries, from the most remote ages, have rendered the study of comparative theology a matter of no great difficulty. Indeed, the comparative study of religion has become a necessity, and would, ere long, take the important position in our educational course to which it is entitled. Those who have studied the science of language should take the science of religion in hand, for one was, he said, closely connected with the other. He believed the more we knew of this subject the more we should find that the purest truth lies hidden in even the most despised religions of the world. Unless our religion has become what it has not been, it is advantageous for it not to shrink from a comparison with the established principles of the religions of the whole world. He believed that much of the disagreement in religious matters was to be attributed to the constant misrepresentation of ancient language in the course of its translation into modern language, and the difference between ancient Eastern and modern Western thought. We now know that the cloven skull of Jove, and the panoplied Minerva leaping from it, referred to the sun emerging from the east with its arrows of light; that Niobe's slain children were the growths of earth blighted by winter, and she herself simply rain congealing to the statue of snow; and we must learn to find a similar poetry under many myths which are quoted as evidence of barbarous and cruel beliefs. The finest part of his lecture was that in which he showed that all religions, as they now exist, were corruptions of the purer beliefs of their founders. He showed that though Brahmanism emphasizes caste, the old Vedas, on which it was founded, emphasize equality. Musulmans talk continually of Mohammed's miracles, whereas, when Mohammed was asked for a miracle, he simply pointed to the sun and moon as the only kind of miracles he believed in. "Buddha," said the lecturer, "was similarly challenged by those who 'required a sign,' but he said, 'Hide your good deeds and confess your sins to the world; that will be a miracle.'" The glance and tone with which the Professor uttered the phrase "required a sign" were highly artistic, but no one present failed to understand the parallelism to which he so quietly pointed.

M. D. CONWAY.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

A DAY BY THE FIRE; and other papers, hitherto uncollected. By Leigh Hunt. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1870.

The editor of this delightful collection of papers gives, in a note to page 251, an extract from a letter written to John Foster by Leigh Hunt, in which he expressed his intention to publish a volume, to bring together in it, under the title of "The Fabulous World," some articles that first appeared in the "New Monthly Magazine." This projected volume never saw the light; but the articles alluded to form the bulk of the book now before us, and are in Leigh Hunt's best vein.

The elements of that vein have been already well tested by every American reader who values an easy and limpid style that supports graceful sentiment, rare poetic feeling, and perfect goodness of heart.

The volume takes its title from the first essay, "A Day by the Fire," which describes in dainty phrases the delights of an open fire and its companionship in the twilight. The writer draws us after dinner around the chimney, into the pleasures of refined conversation; from this temperate, sparkling intercourse we drop off one by one, and leave him alone to his unique musings, till "the shadow of himself and his chair fidgeted with huge obscurity on the wall." The reader sinks into his delicious reveries, and grows warm at the hearth of his hospitable imagination.

Among the papers that might have been grouped under the title of "The Fabulous World," we find such fascinating subjects as "Fairies," with choice quotations in verse,—and a prince of purveyors among the poets was Leigh Hunt,—"Genii and Fairies of the East, the Arabian Nights, etc.," "The Sirens and Mermaids of the Poets," "On Giants, Ogres, and Cyclops," "Gog and Magog, and the Hall of Dhoulkarveim." These contain considerable lore of the legendary kind, without a touch of pedantry. The author was rather a fine taster of the scholarship of others, and took only what nourished his æsthetic vein. His learning is not exhaustive, but he has not perched its stature upon high heels to add a cubit to it. So his graceful purpose gets on without tottering. He relates, discusses, rambles, recurs, with charming simplicity. His humor is so sly that its victim might decline to believe that his head is off; in fact, it rests for one unconscious moment upon the clean cut. The smoothness acquits the executioner of malice. The head in question were better off the trunk, and eventually sees it in that light. For Leigh Hunt would not have rallied a flea to the point of discomfort to its feelings. This tempered fancy, thought, and humor lapses on unencumbered and unfretted: good sense trims its banks and scatters judiciously the colonies of wild flowers to tempt the eye along; the

reader floats above an even keel, but the whole scene borrows animation from a clear, warm sky.

The author's reflections upon the Greek mythology seem to us too thin. But he had derived little benefit from the researches of the modern mythologists. The German language was to him an unexplored domain. Especially does he fail when he comes to treat of the Daimon of Socrates, though his fine feeling rescues him from the fate of the Frenchman who has just written a book designed in part to show that Socrates was cracked on this point of a deterring monitor, but who shows only his own critical fatuity.

But we forbear to anticipate the varied interest that the reader who is disposed for an unsensational hour, far from the vexations of the novel of the period, will take in these pages. Roberts Brothers will be praised by all lovers of delicate literature for introducing them to this volume, which brings together papers hitherto unknown to most of us, or neglected, buried as they have been in obsolete magazines. The paper and print are good. The book holds well in the hand. For, just as a good gun must come well up to the shoulder, a book should weigh and open so as to catch and keep for us the author's aim.

J. W.

DAWN. By Mrs. J. S. Adams. Boston: Adams & Co.

The writings of this gifted author are always interesting, but the present is extremely so. However radical and destructive its social philosophy may be considered, the investiture of poetic imagery with which it is surrounded is sure to please, and chains the attention to the end. It is unique; emphatically, as it has been said, "a novel novel," working a mine hitherto but cursorily touched, and that with considerate care, and working ungloved and irreverent for anything but what it considers the true metal truth.

The plot of the story goes forward so naturally and easily that it scarcely seems to have a design; but closer reading reveals deep design in this show of simplicity. The heroine is an admirable personation of purity, goodness, and love, devoted to the most noble of objects, — the relief of the sufferings of mankind. When her mother yielded her to her father's arms she whispered, "Call her Dawn; for is she not a coming light to you? See! the day is breaking, Hugh," — then her lips closed forever. A sad entrance into this cold world! but the author has made it the means of expressing deep views of pre-natal influences, now becoming an agitated question.

Dawn grew to be a beautiful child under the loving and ever-watchful eye of her father, and their conversations and relations form the most touching passages of the work.

"What was mamma like?" asked Dawn of her father, one evening, as they sat in the moonlight together. "Was she like the twilight?"

"Yes, darling," he said, kissing her again and again, "mamma was just like the twilight, — sweet, tender, and soothing."

She is intensely sensitive, and susceptible to angelic influences, and, as

she matures, becomes a blessing to all who are brought into her pure atmosphere. She loves deeply and truly, as only natures like hers can love, and the object of her adoration is as exalted as herself; yet, after protracted suffering, she decides that she owes the world a duty higher and more imperative than the enjoyment of life's pleasures. The conflict was severe, but she triumphed. At the crisis of her life she answered, "I must walk alone. I love you, Ralph, as I have never loved before; but I have a mission on earth; one which I cannot share with another. To its service I dedicate my life."

She thus resolved, not from coldness or heartlessness, but from the volcanic heat of a heart that was all love. She was not tardy in fulfilling this mission. It was the establishment of a home and school for orphans, a model which should realize her ideas of true culture and normal growth. In this she was eminently successful; and, gathering around herself esteemed or less fortunate friends, she enjoyed the happiness self-sacrifice for principle inevitably hastens.

Dawn is the principal and most attractive character; but a score of others are introduced, some of whom at once please, and others as quickly provoke our dislike. Ultra radical socially, it deals with passing theological questions in a manner that will not please the lovers of the old. "Then you do not wholly ignore the church?" said the village pastor to Hugh, after a long and earnest conversation upon religious and social topics. "I do not. But I deny that its limitations and its dogmas can control the growing mind, and believe it to be wrong for the church to assume or desire to do so. As a great leading guidance to popular thought, I would combine the church with the theatre."—"The theatre!" exclaimed the minister, holding up both hands in holy surprise. "You don't mean that we should turn the sanctuary into a play-house? I tremble for the age, sir, indeed I do, if such views are to be tolerated."—"Not turn the church into a theatre, but combine the two, and, with the good that is to be derived from each, form a perfect temple."—"But the theatre is a temple of evil," remarked the pastor. "Not so. Because it has at times been perverted and made to contribute to what we denominate 'evil' is no reason why the theatre should be condemned. For the same reason we might condemn the church; for that also has in some periods of its history been made the means of base oppression and wrong doing: it has drenched fields with blood, and slaughtered innocent beings by thousands." Our space will not permit a longer quotation of this interesting conversation; but we will add the "pastor" did not get angry, as "pastors" usually do under such circumstances, but was respectful to the end.

As an example of the gleams of philosophy that appear on almost every page, which please and instruct even though the social principles displease, we cannot refrain from quoting the following as a closing paragraph:—

A wise man takes no more weight than his horses can draw. Our journey would be swifter if we started with less each morning. We cannot hasten

God's purposes. Growth is slow ; feverish action is disease. Let us work calmly, and not mistake mists for mountains. Depth is height. We learn in unlearning. We lay aside, one by one, the garments in which we have enwrapped ourselves ; garments of various hues, which are our opinions, and so clog and hinder our progress. Happily for us that we find our states changing, and the wrappings of old dogmas too oppressive. Fortunate are we if our freedom of spirit is large enough to enable us to lay aside what was a shield and protection to us yesterday, if it be not fit for us to-day. He who is strong to do so benefits all around him ; for no good or evil is confined or limited to one.

H.

HISTORY OF AMERICAN SOCIALISMS. By John Humphrey Noyes. Philadelphia : J. P. Lippincott & Co.

This is a thoroughly admirable and exceedingly valuable book. We have read it carefully, with the utmost interest from beginning to end, and most heartily recommend it to any who may wish information concerning a very important movement and epoch in the history of this country and, indeed, of the world. It is unique as well as excellent. We know of no other comprehensive or easily accessible source of the facts of the socialistic movements in the United States here collected. And the work is not only a narrative, interesting as it is in this respect ; it is also a well-digested, philosophical analysis of the relations of the different movements, and of the chief principles of communism in general, as proved to be essential by the experience already had. The author divides the socialistic history of this country into two main epochs, and a transitional period between them. These epochs centered respectively in Owen and Fourier. The history of these epochs and of the communities which were their practical experiments is minutely traced ; and the relations between them, the causes of failure, the general results, the relations of socialism and revivalism, the fraternization of Owenism and Fourierism with Swedenborgianism, the relations sustained between Socialism and Spiritualism, the literary history of the movements, and, finally, Socialism in its relations to marriage, are discussed *from the point of view of the historical facts* in a masterly manner, it seems to us, and in a style charming both by its clearness and enthusiasm. The book is so full, and the opinions and subjects equally so important and so unsettled as yet, that to attempt to give an abstract of the contents would extend this notice into a review. We will state only two important principles, which are illustrated and insisted upon as results (though by no means all the result) of the historical survey. First, that communism can never succeed without a basis of fervent religious feeling or enthusiasm, which the author calls *afflatus*. Secondly, that it is equally essential to success or permanency that the communistic spirit should be so strong as to disintegrate and dissolve the family, and bring about communism in sexual, as in all other relations,—either as Shakerism manages it on the one hand, or as the Oneida Community, in the bosom of which this work was written and printed, orders it on the other.

The Radical.

A fundamental stumbling-block in the volume, to our minds, is its supernaturalism. The author declares his conviction that the sagacity of Owen was plainly supernatural, and he is, as he says of some others, a Bible man. This is a virus sufficient to vitiate the most conscientious reasoning and neutralize the best-intentioned research. The volume is handsomely published.

J. V. B.

RAMESES THE GREAT; or, Egypt Three Thousand Three Hundred Years ago. Translated from the French of F. De Lanoye. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. Pp. 296.

This volume treats of the campaigns of Rameses II., called the Great, and in general of his youth, his accession to the Egyptian throne, his old age, his enterprises as a monarch, and the monuments and relics of his reign either once or now existing in Egypt. This is the only *popular* work of any account, we believe, on this great historical subject. For that reason it has its place and value; and it is valuable also for its forty or more wood-cuts, which have a very realistic look, and give us an idea of many of the great buildings and monuments, both exteriors and interiors, as *restored* by scientific investigations; also scenes of ancient Egyptian life are pictured for us as revealed by the monuments and by the mural paintings. But the book does not keep up the interest promised by its table of contents; and no doubt some other work will sometime bring more literary skill to the popular presentation of this subject, now so comparatively locked up save to profound scholars. The volume is one of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders," which contains many attractive things. A volume of the series recently published, "The Wonders of Pompeii," is very lively and graphic in style, and an excellent, popular work, making no pretensions to learning or completeness.

J. V. B.

WOMAN AND THE THEATRE. By Olive Logan. New York: Carleton.

If the few bits of description, denunciation, and narrative which go to make up Miss Logan's book had been christened "Theatrical Sketches," or had received some equally humble name, we should have made no objection. But "Woman and the Theatre" seems rather a pretentious title for such a work. The book consists of fifteen chapters, devoted to the consideration of woman as a voter and as an actress, with a few supplementary chapters on Paris. It is written in a rather bright and chatty strain, though at times it degenerates into a weak and silly style. Miss Logan has revived the old question of "ballet dancing," and devotes a chapter to its discussion. The binding and typography are all that could be desired; and if any one wishes to read a few airy, fanciful, and at times not disagreeable sketches, he will find the reading of this volume a rather pleasing occupation. E. B. C.

